

TAKING BACK THE TITLE

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 11, 1974 75 CENTS

HOW ALI FOOLED THEM ALL



Go Fly a Buick.

BUICK REGAL. The world is full of Point A's and Point B's. And we Americans spend a good part of our time getting from one to the other.

That being the case, it is our considered opinion that time spent in transit ought to include a healthy portion of good times. Soaring spirits. Stuff like that.

Not unlike those which may be obtained by getting from place to place in a Buick Century Regal.

It is, for starters, a car that is fun to look at. Outside, handsome. Well built. Inside, a garden of earthly delights. With things like plush, thick pile carpeting. Big, comfortable seats. A center armrest. A simulated wood-grain instrument panel. Lots of room.

You're going to have a swell time in there.

But Buicks, like people, are not made to sit around. So before you buy, drive one.

Because among other things, the Regal is truly a driver's car.

Complete with steel-belted radial tires, a High-Energy Ignition system, and a brand new 3.8 liter V-6 engine. An engine built by people who remember what performance is.

And for those of you who want a V-8, there are two of those available, too.

All in all, Regal is some set of wheels, as they say.

But enough of this. What you ought to do now, is put down this magazine and go fly a Buick. Century Regal, to be specific.



It's a good time just waiting to be had. At your Buick dealers.

BUICK Dedicated to
the *Free Spirit* in just about everyone.



Now you can order most 1975 cars with a beautifully-engineered Panasonic car stereo.

And it shouldn't cost you a penny more than the conventional unit you'd get from the car manufacturer. What's more, Panasonic offers you a number of other advantages.

For starters, Panasonic offers a much larger selection of models than you get from the car manufacturer. (More than 25 models in all.) From a basic car radio to the ultimate—a discrete 4-channel stereo tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. So many choices, in fact, that the hardest part about ordering is deciding which Panasonic you want (see "easy to order").

But even more important, you get car stereo with "extra" engineering features. Take the unit shown at right, for example.

We put in 23 transistors even when it could squeak by on 22.

We put in 3 roller guides instead of only 1 or 2 to keep your cartridge from wobbling around.

The point is that when it comes to building car stereos, our engineers flatly refuse to skimp.

More "unnecessary" features

Panasonic even gives you engineering features some car stereo manufacturers think you don't need. Examples:

- Larger choke coils and double chassis. They help keep outside electrical signals from



Panasonic car stereo units are designed to fit right into the dashboard of most new cars.

interfering with the music you want to hear.

- Local/Distance switch. It helps the antenna pull in strong, clear signals—so you don't hear a garble of stations at the same time.

- Shock absorbers. Inside all our 8-track tape players. To keep your music playing smoothly when your car hits a bump.



Panasonic's "shock absorbers." Vertical post (A) keeps magnetic head (B) squarely aligned with tape (C) when car hits bumps.

One-year warranty

It covers parts and labor charges. In case something inside your Panasonic should go wrong.*

But we doubt that anything

will. Each of our designs is subjected to 6 rigorous tests. Vibration. Moisture. Dust. Temperature extremes. Impact. And longevity. They're also performance tested on the road.

Easy to order

Just tell your new car dealer you want your new car equipped with a Panasonic car stereo and let him know which model you want. That's all there is to it.

And you might ask him about Panasonic's complete line of car stereo speakers. They're one way to make sure that you won't miss out on any of Panasonic's big, full sound.

Want more information? See your new car dealer. Or write: Panasonic Car Stereo, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Panasonic

just slightly ahead of our time

*Warranty does not apply if product is subjected to accident, fire, flood, or other misuse or abuse following sale. Product must be returned within 90 days when purchased and must be used only for the purpose intended.

If you smoke menthol.

Anybody who smokes knows there's a controversy about smoking going on.

And that most of the controversy is about 'tar' and nicotine.

Yet when we ask the average menthol smoker why he smokes a menthol cigarette, he almost always tells us that he smokes a menthol because it doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste.

Well, Vantage with menthol doesn't have a hot or a harsh or a scratchy taste either.

But what Vantage Menthol also doesn't have is anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine most of the other menthols have.

And that's something we thought a menthol smoker would want to know about.

Vantage Menthol tastes every bit as cool, every bit as refreshing as any menthol cigarette you ever smoked.

But it has only 11 milligrams 'tar' and 0.9 milligrams nicotine.

Don't get us wrong. That doesn't mean Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around.

It does mean that Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that you'll enjoy smoking.

You don't have to believe us.

All you have to do is try a pack.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '74.

We don't believe in waste.



That's why Reynolds will pay you to bring in used aluminum.

We don't believe in waste of America's aluminum resources. Waste of energy. Waste of any kind. That's why Reynolds is vitally interested in recycling aluminum products. Our far-reaching programs to recycle aluminum beverage cans, starting in 1967, show the extent of our commitment.

Last year, Reynolds paid Americans about 4.5 million dollars for bringing in used aluminum beverage cans. That was based on 10¢ per pound. Today, we're paying 15¢ per pound for aluminum scrap brought to our recycling centers.

Unlike container taxes or deposits, our program put 4.5 million dollars in new money into American pockets and purses.

And helped conserve one of America's most valuable resources—energy. That's because recycling takes only 5% of the energy needed to create aluminum from virgin ore.

We're recycling other forms of aluminum, too. From used Reynolds Wrap® to old utensils, lawn furniture, scrap from industry, etc. Into new aluminum products that cut fuel-energy consumption in automobiles and other transportation

equipment. Into building products that save heating and cooling energy.

And Reynolds means to do even more. We have programs under way to recover aluminum from solid waste . . . to literally mine the garbage heaps of the nation.

Today's waste can be tomorrow's resources. Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box LK, Richmond, Virginia 23261.



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ALUMINUM

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**Is "burial insurance" all you have?
New York Life suggests you should provide
your family with considerably more.**

If you're like most people, you already have some life insurance. Your mind is at ease.

But take a look at it. If all you've got is \$5,000 worth, you really only have what people used to call "burial insurance"—enough for final expenses, a decent funeral, and that's about it.

And if "burial insurance" is what you own, then obviously you don't have enough to do what life insurance is primarily designed to do—protect the living.

The soundest, surest way to provide basic financial

security for your family is through an adequate and well-planned life insurance program. If you should die, it will guarantee your wife and children the money to continue living a decent life.

How much life insurance would that take? That depends on your special needs. Your New York Life Agent can help you analyze your requirements, then develop a program within your means. See him, or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



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Next week

FROM LOUISIANA to Oklahoma to Michigan—Ron Farris dashes to three crucial big-time college football games and rediscovers in them the same pleasures he knew as a child.

THE SLAUGHTER went on too long and the restrictive laws that might have saved the decimated schools of bluefin tuna came too late. Dan Levin reports the end of a sad season.

NOTHING CAN BE FINER for a belle from Carolina than 17 years as an illustrious wrestler. A look at the Fabulous Moolah and her eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth sport.



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IBM Reports

From \$1.26 in 1952 to 1 cent today

While the cost of just about everything has risen dramatically in recent years, the cost of doing things by computer has been a noteworthy exception.

Although computers have become increasingly useful as their speed and capacity have multiplied, their cost per operation has declined sharply since the first commercial computer was installed less than 25 years ago.

For example, in 1952 it cost \$1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Six years later, the cost had dropped to 26 cents. By 1964, those same 100,000 multiplications could be executed for 12 cents—and by 1970, for 5 cents. Today, they can be done for a penny.

All this against the current of inflation that has seen an 80% rise in the government's Consumer Price Index over the past twenty years.

This astonishing reduction in a computer's per-function cost has led to important savings in the overall cost of doing a given data processing task. It has been brought about by technological advances such as the miniaturization of computer circuitry. Such advances have made possible vast increases in computation speed—from about 2,000 multiplications a second on an IBM computer in 1952 to more than 2,000,000 a second today.

These improvements have resulted from constant pioneering by hundreds of companies in the data processing industry, pioneering that continues today. Over the years, IBM has invested more than \$6 of every \$100 of gross income in research and development.

Lowered computation costs make it practical to use computers in an ever-widening range of applications—resulting in such benefits as faster handling of airlines reservations, better use of resources in manufacturing, and the saving of human lives through swift medical diagnosis.

Further reductions could bring about still greater benefits—benefits that will be seriously needed. Should the world's population increase by some 800 million people by 1985 as expected, there will be unprecedented demands for food, shelter, clothing, medicine, transportation and other necessities of life. The computer can greatly aid productivity in each of these areas.

In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

IBM



If you're getting poor mileage, perhaps your car needs a checkup

If your gasoline mileage isn't what it used to be, AC suggests a diagnosis of your engine's vital signs from your neighborhood serviceman or mechanic.

If he prescribes a tune-up after the diagnosis, ask him to include AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs as part of the remedy. There's an AC Spark Plug engineered for your car and your kind of driving. That's important—especially with today's reduced speeds and shorter trips.

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Road & Track called it "...an attractive alternative to large, heavy domestic cars with big V-8 engines, in a relatively compact car that's not nearly so thirsty."

Road Test said, "All Mazdas perform, but the RX-4 is definitely the performingest of them all."

Mazda's RX-4. The luxury small car that makes big-car owners feel right at home.

Mazda

Hmmmm

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-MANDEL

Shopwalk

by JAY GRONLEY

THE COST MIGHT BE A BIT HAIRY, BUT WHAT PRICE NOSTALGIA?

When I was 18, I overestimated manhood. I threw away a Schwinn bicycle, 145 comic books and a raccoon coat, the best because I wore it to a football game and, although a spaniel made eyes at me, my date began to act wily in the second quarter, so I had to sit alone in the end zone. I was warm, but the wrong kind of warm.

I now have a 10-speed on order, and my wife, who was not my date, got me an Uncle Scrooge comic book for my most recent birthday. She thought I was upset because it cost \$12, but I was upset because I knew the ending.

My wife has announced plans to get me a raccoon coat for Christmas, and whereas I did not mind paying \$12 for a comic book, I did read and throw away, I figure raccoon coats must have increased tremendously in

price since I paid \$100 for my first one, purchased at an estate sale with the guarantee that the old gentleman posed away in his sleep, not at a football game.

Raccoons are nocturnal carnivores, arboreal in habit. They do not grow on trees, rather they are chased up trees, then shot, and unless you are an experienced marksman, a coat you built from scratch could have some unbelievable bullet holes.

A friend who hunts raccoons says it is incredibly difficult to be a successful weekend coon hunter; besides, trained coon dogs cost upward of \$100. He says that visiting a furrier is much easier than trapping a raccoon.

Lee Griben is my furrier, mine in the sense that I walk by his store (Fate Furs, Inc., 518 South Boston, Tulsa) every day on the way to work. I told Mr. Griben that my wife is considering a raccoon coat for my Christmas, and I am considering its price. He said there is no substitute for wisdom. Call him. Lou.

A full-length man's raccoon coat was spread at my feet. Lou said reverently, "This is a third-generation coat. It has been at Harvard. It has been at Yale. I believe it has been at Dartmouth. It cost more than a thousand dollars 45 years ago."

A raccoon coat is made of pelts. A quality mink pelt can cost approximately \$45, and a good raccoon pelt can be worth from \$15 to \$20. Lou said that a new full-length raccoon coat for six feet, one inch of dynamic like myself can require 25 to 30 pelts.

"Gamme a pencil, Lou."

"Forget pencils."

A good raccoon coat appears to be made of one skin; there is a continuity of pattern. A new three-quarter-length woman's coat begins at about \$750. A used one goes for \$350 or \$400 depending on color and condition. A coat can vary in color from tan to almost silver. The darker shades are preferred. A coat of superior quality contains little of the raccoon's stomach, because the fur there is thinner and will become worn.

I asked Lou if he was selling many raccoon coats. "Raccoon is back. Try it on," he said. I did. There was no urge to sneeze, but rather an overwhelming desire to carry Lou off the field on my shoulders.

He said, "About a thousand dollars."

I told Lou that I would be back when my team could live up to this coat. "Try the pockets, anyway."

There were no original baseball trading cards inside.

END

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MOVIETALK

by SEBASTIAN COOKE

SOAPSUDS, IF NOT GOOD CLEAN FUN IN THE SUN, FOR DAD AND THE KIDS

Used to be it was pets and children today it's pro sports and children. Lassie's been replaced by one of those small, quick, shooting guards. *Mixed Company* was prepackaged for a drive-in double bill, the film that puts your 8-year-old to sleep before the sex-and-violence flick comes on. Not that there isn't a lot of skin in *Mixed Company*. The Phoenix Suns appear in showers and in whirlpools, strictly drip-on parts. There's even a coy joystick cut. Children are forever receding into the middle distance with bared buttocks. It's PG for Plenty Gluteals.

At least the kids can talk: the Suns were hired because wallpaper can't go to its left. There are three or four subliminal basketball action scenes, about as much as you'd see at home with a busted horizontal hold. The rest of the time the players stand or sit, looking like deaf-and-dumb marriage counselors while coach, Joe Bologna, and wife, Barbara Harris, Search For Tomorrow. The basketball-speaking role goes to Ron McIlwain, who, as one United Artists press release says, is "formerly a member of the New Orleans Saints and cousin of Suns' star guard, Charlie Scott." (Formerly a cousin? Did he get cut from the family?) In films these days, it's not what you know, it's where you played that counts. The basketball scenes are merely decorative, a come-on for dad.

In the film Joe Bologna has lost his fertility to the mumps, his team couldn't go one-on-one with a bridge table, and Barbara is scouting the local adoption agency for low draft choices. There are predictable Doris Day-Rock Hudson suburban laugh gimmicks, even a soap-suds tidal-wave scene. Two out of seven family comedies have a soap-suds tidal-wave scene. The children are eligible for Medicare, a bunch of wise-cracking ancient dwarfs, adorable and preposterous, black, Indian, Vietnamese, plus Bologna's three premumps naturals. Treacy ethnic jokes proliferate. It's an Archie Bunker show for second-graders.

Yet *Mixed Company* is technically well made, smooth as an oter. Love prevails, basketball heals. The generation gap is closed on a nifty fast break. Your wife will cry. The kids will pick up some slick one-liners. You might do worse on a Saturday evening. *Mixed Company* could open in Rudio City Music Hall, with four dozen Rockettes dressed as giant bunnies. If the Music Hall is booked, they should jerry-build another one for it.

END



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Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

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There's not a wasted inch of space. Top, sides and front. Switches, toggle switches and dials.

Sony technology has mastered the portable radio.

Here's a list of things this radio can do:

First, and most important, it makes a tremendous sound. Only 8" high, the speaker is an over-sized 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

That's backed up by a powerful 2.8-watt (max.) output.

And that's backed up by a "Squelch Switch" to suppress interfering noise*.

So what you end up with are the rich velvety tones that normally come out of radios too big to carry around.

There are three bands, FM, AM, and Public Service (Police car transmissions, for instance).

A "moving film" style tuning dial.

And a 60-minute timer that turns the radio on and off.

Why not stop in at a Sony dealer and get checked out?

Then find a lonely stretch of road, and open her up.

THE COCKPIT.

Model ICF-6500 Ultra compact, three-band, portable radio. *Set on AM.



"IT'S A SONY."

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

WINDS OF CHANGE

Upset over the All-India Tennis Federation's refusal to allow the Indian Davis Cup team to face racially segregated South Africa in the championship match, Anand and Vijay Amritraj said last week they would not play for India again. The Amritrajes, who got India where it was in the first place, felt they should have had a greater say in the decision.

Thus an already confused situation becomes further muddled. There is guarded hope, however. From three corners of the earth recently have come hints that the days of *apartheid* may be numbered.

In Australia, where he played through a heated demonstration by aborigines and their supporters, Gary Player said he thought that very soon now black pros would be competing against whites in South Africa, and Danie Craven, president of the South African Rugby Board, had similar news. Replying to a French suggestion that a team leaving for Europe a week later should include non-whites, Craven said that the time was too short for a change in government policy, but added, "We are, however, hopeful that they will do so for our next visit overseas. We are saying this because the government's sports policy is continually unfolding itself."

Putting it stronger, Alan Paton, the South African author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, said in New York, "Our ruling politicians have come to the realization that the days of *apartheid* are over." He hoped the end would come peacefully, and not through revolution. Let us hope, *floo*, that Player, Craven and Paton are accurately mirroring what is in fact occurring in their country and not merely what they fervently wish would happen there.

GIFTS FOR GAB

The 1960-61 Boston Celtics became known as the team of coaches. Bill Russell, Tom Heinsohn, Bill Sharman, K.C. Jones, Bob Cousy, Jim Loscutoff, Satch

Sanders, Sam Jones, Frank Ramsey, Gene Guarilia and Gene Conley all coached at some level of basketball after their playing days were over. With the recent appointment of Oscar Robertson as color man on CBS basketball games, the 1962-63 Cincinnati Royals are making a play for the title of team of broadcasters. The Big O is the eighth Royal to go into the business. The others: Jack Twyman, Tom Hawkins, Arlen Bockhorn and Bob Boozer, all at one time or another color men on pro or college games. Dave Piontek is president of radio station WNOP in Newport, Ky.; Wayne Embry did color on Celtic and Milwaukee Bucks games before becoming general manager of the Bucks; and Coach Charley Wolf did the play-by-play for Thomas More College and occasional Philadelphia 76er games after quitting the sport.

The three other members of the team were not exactly strong, silent types, either. Bud Olsen became chief of officials in the ABA; Adrian Smith an assistant vice-president of the Central Trust Bank in Cincinnati; and Hub Reed a high school counselor.

WHO ATE THE ALMONDS?

A Rock Hill, S.C. restaurant believes in giving its patrons a sporting chance. Its French menu offers *truite aux amandes*, or "trout with apologies."

WHAT TO DO

Now to clear up a little sports medicine that, frankly, has had us as confused as we suspect, it has you.

First: sprains, muscle pulls and strains. Do you use heat or ice? Both, says Dr. Robert K. Kerlan, orthopedic consultant to seven major pro teams in Southern California (SI, Nov. 24, 1969). They both offer relief, but they should not be used interchangeably. The best general rule: use heat before playing and ice immediately after. Heat relaxes and helps lubricate sore muscles; cold reduces swelling and inflammation.

Next: water. Do you drink it or not during competition? You drink it, moderately, and you need have no fears about losing your life for doing so, as was once believed. This advice comes from a five-person committee of the National Research Council. Its report says one should replace water loss by continuous fluid intake. Indeed, unless water is replaced at frequent intervals, heat exhaustion may result, leading to permanent damage or death.

Strongly criticized by the committee is the practice of drying out to meet specific weight requirements before boxing and wrestling matches. "Deliberate dehydration is never an acceptable method for control of body weight," the panel said, adding that such weight loss is only temporary anyhow and can cause kidney damage.

TRA-VALES OF RAY

With the snows already falling, you people in the Rockies, watch out. Ray Finfer might be on the way.

Not counting the time Finfer just sat



around the lodge in some neat-looking clothes, he has been skiing only three times. The first time, in Colorado two years ago, he schussed to the bottom—and kept going. Miraculously, he made it between two cars but halted, rather abruptly, against the side of a Volvo. Finfer, it should be mentioned, weighs 260 pounds. That cost Finfer, a Chamber of Commerce division manager in Fort Worth, Texas when he isn't starting

continued

You might measure success by what the Joneses throw away. And today, that's a pretty good measure.

Public officials and businessmen are watching your neighbor's—and your—garbage with a lot more interest than you think. They see our garbage as one of America's growing natural resources.

In 23 cities and counties across the nation these imaginative men are already reclaiming steel cans from the tide of municipal garbage.

In dozens of other communities, programs are under way to utilize household garbage as an energy source. To be burned as a supplement to coal and oil, to be used alone as a dry fuel or to be converted into fuel oil and gas. And almost all of these programs also call for the recovery of steel cans.

Steel's magnetic property makes it the easiest material to reclaim. As a result, billions of

these scrap cans are recycled in steelmaking, copper mining, detinning and ferro-alloy production. Soon, iron foundries also will be recycling steel cans.

St. Louis provides electricity for 25,000 homes by burning garbage. Chicago will generate electricity for 45,000 homes and conserve 100,000 tons of coal annually by burning garbage. By 1975, garbage-to-energy systems also will be operating in Baltimore, Ames, Iowa, and Saugus, Massachusetts. The State of Connecticut expects to meet 11 percent of its electricity needs by 1985 by burning garbage. (Success doesn't come overnight).

If energy is a problem in your city, consider keeping up with the Joneses. We'll try to give you a hand.

For more information write, Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Allstate compares prices for \$25,000 worth of "Whole Life" insurance. Which would you buy?

\$25,000 "Whole Life" for a man age 30.

	"Annual Premium" Amount you pay insurance company each year	"Death Cost Index" Average annual cost if you die at end of . . .		"Surrender Cost Index" Average annual cost if you cash in your policy at end of . . .	
		10th Year	20th Year	10th Year	20th Year
ALLSTATE	\$318	\$318*	\$318*	\$ 75*	\$ 98*
Equitable of N.Y.	484	384	330	111	90
John Hancock	510	460	387	166	124
Mass. Mutual	477	384	341	94	75
Metropolitan	486	384	366	94	107
New York Life	444	382	329	109	89
Northwestern Mutual	485	392	335	96	70
Occidental (Calif.)	349	349*	349*	139*	129*
Prudential	491	440	375	142	118
State Farm	468	384	325	133	83

*Allstate's and Occidental's cost indexes are guaranteed. Figures of the other companies listed assume they will pay dividends as they are currently illustrating, but such illustrated dividends are not guaranteed. The actual dividends paid may be higher or lower. Indexes based on the actual dividends which are paid may be higher or lower than those shown in the table above. Rates and indexes for companies other than Allstate may be different in a few states. All Cost Indexes are calculated on the "interest adjusted" basis which is a method endorsed by both federal and state authorities.

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The above chart compares the cost of a \$25,000 "Whole Life—Level Premium" policy for a man age 30, issued by each of the top ten writers of personal life insurance. Allstate and most other companies charge even lower premiums for a man for this policy.

The "Whole Life" policies featured are permanent insurance that provide immediate protection for your family.

Or a cash fund you can use in future years.

Compare! When you check our rates with the others, we think you'll come to Allstate. We've priced this policy so a young breadwinner can afford a big chunk of it. Since we sell it only in amounts of \$25,000 or more, we call it our "Executive Plan."

There are many other excellent companies besides the ones listed here. Some may have

policies as good as or better than those listed. This is one of Allstate's most competitive policies.

When you're through comparing, talk to an Allstate Agent. At Sears or an Allstate office.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

people, only \$250 in damages—to the Volvo, not him. It was a blessing.

The next time out Finfer totaled an entire ski class. It was like a perfect strike. Finfer unerringly got the head pin, and everybody else went flying. The third victim was a ticket booth. "The lady in it thought there had been an earthquake," Finfer says.

But Finfer does not even have to reach the slopes to be a menace. Trying on a pair of ski boots in a department store one day, he stepped up on a three-foot-high stand for a fitting. You guessed it: he fell off. He separated a shoulder—the only time he has been hurt—but that is not why everybody remembers the fall so clearly. He was on the mezzanine at the time, and as he fell he took a stool with him. It went over the side and landed on a stack of about 10,000 cans. Customers on the first floor thought they had been hit by an avalanche.

Finfer, enough is enough.

ZIPP

The Olympic torch that once took months to travel by relay from Greece to the site of the Games will be flashed between Athens and Ottawa in 1976 in less than a second by laser beam. Runners will carry it only from Olympia to Athens and Ottawa to Montreal.

CUTTING THE BAD SKATES

If professional hockey is reluctant to rein in its unruly members, the Ontario Minor Hockey Association is not. Concerned at increased violence in the game, 899 delegates to the 41st annual meeting voted new penalties right where they will do the most good. A coach in the Pee Wee series and below (ages eight to 12) will draw a day's suspension every time his team incurs more than 26 penalty minutes during a game. Coaches of Minor Bantam and above teams (ages 13 to 18) will be allowed 36 minutes in penalties before getting the treatment. Said Vern McCallum, secretary-manager of the 142,286-member OMHA, "This is getting back to the coaches, where some of us think the unruly conduct begins."

GUIDANCE OF OVINES

In the long run, Father Paul Clarke, the new assistant priest at a Catholic church in Steaford, England, probably would agree with the 11 theologians queried recently by the *Chicago Daily News*. They

contended, for a variety of reasons, that there is no way a gambler can pray his way to the bank.

"Blasphemous," "magical," "perversion of the fundamental notion of prayer" were some of the objections. The most any of the 11 would say in favor of a gambler's prayers came from the Rev. Charles R. Meyer, professor of systematic theology at St. Mary of the Lake Roman Catholic Seminary. "It's not wrong to pray [to win]," said the Rev. Meyer, "but only if it be in accord with God's will, and that if it is against His will we don't want it." The majority agreed with the Rev. Dr. Kenneth Kamler, dean of the Trinity Evangelical Divinity School of Deerfield, Ill., who thought God would be against anyone gambling, much less praying to win. He suggested that God's most likely answer to such a prayer would be to quit gambling.

Well, Father Clarke got into religion because of his wagering. As a young punter he found himself one day faced with £70 in debts. He went to church and prayed, then hid himself to the nearest betting office and backed two horses. They won £80. Later, faced with a bank overdraft, he sought guidance in another church. When he got outside he bought a racing form, and the name of a horse seemed to glare out at him. He bet on it and it won.

"That's when I started taking religion seriously," he said. "I believed I was being called to the church through my only interest, gambling."

Since taking holy orders, however, he has not placed a bet. "I sometimes try to pick a winner in my mind," Father Clarke says, "but the horse I choose never wins." His advice for unsuccessful gamblers: "Seek God's help, even though he might not give you the winner of the 2.30."

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

As fall ends, leaf jumping has not caught on, but that is because the rest of the world has not yet caught up to Justin Catanoso, who is not only the codifier of the sport but possibly one of the great leaf jumpers of our day.

Justin, who is 15 and lives in North Wildwood, N.J., began jumping into leaves last year when he decided there had to be something more rewarding in raking than sore shoulders, particularly now that burning is barred in most

places. Ergo, leaf jumping, a not-so-simple game but a simply smashing way to get the neighborhood kids to help you rake your lawn.

The pile should be four to five feet deep and fluffed after each jump, says Justin. You need a runway of about 30 feet—there goes the old man's grass—and a foul line. Each jump is scored, up to a top of five, with points credited on form and the depth of entry. A flawless face-firster merits a point, a perfect Fosbury flop 1½, an impeccable single twist two and a super flip three. Sinking into the pile up to the neck is good for two points, waist-high one, and anywhere in the pile at all a half. A contestant who makes up his own dive can negotiate its worth with the judge, Justin says. You can hear those screams now, wafting out on the cool autumn air.

VERY GOOD, SIR

The London *Sunday Express* of Nov. 2, 1924 reported that Author P. G. Wodehouse was taking golf lessons in London. His professional? Chap named Jeeves.

THEY SAID IT

- Red Grange on modern football: "I haven't seen a new play since I was in high school."
- Tony Mason, University of Cincinnati football coach, before facing Houston's defensive front four: "They come in at 6'8", 6'7", 6'4" and 6'5". If they stand up, we'll have to throw dinkables."
- Teddy Brenner, Madison Square Garden boxing boss, asked if he was surprised at Muhammad Ali's demand for a \$10 million purse to defend his newly won heavyweight crown: "Yes, I'm surprised. I'm surprised he didn't ask for \$20 million."
- Gene Windham, Vanderbilt assistant football coach, advising freshmen: "If any of you have a problem of any kind—academic, tickets, girl friend—just come to me first, and I'll tell you."
- Bobby Nichols, pro golfer: "If you have to remind yourself to concentrate during competition, you've got no chance to concentrate."
- Comedian Marty Allen: "The trouble with jogging is that by the time you realize you are in shape for it, it's too far to walk back."
- Tom Casanova, Cincinnati Bengals safety, explaining why he is not used on the kickoff return team: "Basically, I'm scared."

END

here's johnny!



People think if you're on TV, you need one wardrobe for the show and another for your 'off the air' life. Not me. Take this turtlen duo. It suits me for a quiet dinner, but it's got just the look I like for the show. And its matching belt is a great touch. I figure, if you wear something that looks good on you, you'll look good anywhere...on or off the air."

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BREAKING A DATE FOR THE DANCE

All through his training Ali had promised the fancy footwork that would elude Foreman's power, but he had a secret plan that stunned them all—and especially the champion

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

Saying "Now it's my turn," Ali flashed a series of quick blows that sent Foreman tumbling.



It is hard to imagine what the extraordinary events in the predawn hours under a pale African moon in Zaïre are going to do to the future of boxing. Kids who for years in the backlots of the world have emulated the flamboyant and graceful style of their idol, Muhammad Ali, the butterfly who floats and slings like a bee, will now imagine themselves coming off their stools and standing stolidly and flat-footed in the corner of the ring, or, more extreme, lolling back against the ropes, their upper torsos out over the press-row typewriters at the angle of someone looking out his window to see if there's a cat on his roof. For such were the Ali tactics that surprised everyone—including the men in his own corner—and proved insoluble to George Fore-

man, the heavily favored heavyweight champion, leading him to destruction as surely as the big cartoon wolf, licking his chops, is tricked into some extravagantly ghastly trap laid by a sly mouse.

The witnesses to all this, those lucky enough to see what will surely be considered one of the greatest fights in boxing history, began to fill the 60,000-capacity stadium at nightfall, hours before the main event scheduled for 4 a.m. They had come from all parts of a country that had thought of little else for a month. Both fighters had their strong partisans in Zaïre, and many among the crowd were *féticheurs*, the witch doctors of Kinshasa, who often turn up at sporting events on behalf of clients, handsomely paid to try to influence the outcome. Indeed, among

many Zaïrians the rumor was that Muhammad Ali himself had gone to one of the best *féticheurs* in town, perhaps even the Pygmy reputedly used by President Mobutu, and had paid a considerable sum for a spell to be cast against George Foreman. The odds were almost 3 to 1 against Ali and it seemed the sensible thing to do. The spell was supposed to manifest itself in the form of a beautiful girl "with slightly trembling hands" who would clasp Foreman's hand in some chance meeting—like Blind Pew passing the Black Spot—and the strength would slowly drain from him.

The *féticheurs* (often with their clients packed around them in adjacent seats) occasionally raise their voices in a loud, humming incantation. They wear a

continued

Still dazed and desperately tired, Foreman started a ponderous attempt to roll over and get up as Referee Zack Clayton tolled the count.



slightly more ornate form of dress, and dangling from amulets or in leather pouches they carry the artifacts of their profession: bones, fingernail clippings, chicken claws, the tips of antelope horns and other such charms. And since proximity increases their effectiveness, it would be a sure bet that at fight time a number of these objects would have been planted under the boxing ring.

The ring also had been doctored, in a more prosaic fashion, by Angelo Dundee, Muhammad Ali's trainer. He turned up at the stadium on the morning of the fight to see that the floor was as fast as he could make it by coating rosin thickly on the baby-blue surface, and by hammering wedges under it to make the canvas drumhead hard, so that his fighter could get a foothold for his swift moves.

Dick Sadler, the champion's manager, had no objections to this. Since both fighters would use the same surface it would serve Foreman just as well. "The best way to slow down a ring," Sadler said, "is with a hard left to the jaw, a right hand to the heart, and a left hook to the kidney. Though I'm not saying that my fighter's a kidney puncher."

Sadler was very confident. "When George hits a guy he lifts them off their feet," he said. "To win, Ali must have some sort of a break, a luke. There's too much against him—me, Sandy Saddler and Archie Moore—that's two Hall of Famers and over 300 knockouts between us. And then George Foreman . . . no, no, that's too many things."

Everything one heard about Foreman suggested someone indestructible and devastating. The conjecture everywhere, including Ali's camp, was that the answer lay in staying away from the champion's power, moving and hitting. "I can step in, pop-pop-pop, and then step out," Ali said. "I can't help tagging him. He doesn't want to be tagged. He cannot stand a beating." Ali produced a couplet:

When all it said and did and done

George Foreman will fall in one.

It was a joke. Everyone laughed. It was ludicrous. The emphasis with Ali so surely had to be on speed and dancing. On the last day of his sparring, Ali came to the ropes and looked out at the crowd. He rested his forearms on the top rope and, turning an arm, he opened one hand. A small sparrow flew out and rose quickly into the upper reaches of the gym. Bundini Brown, one of Ali's cornermen, had trapped it in the press bus and given it to him. "That's what I am," Ali said. "When I fight George Foreman I'm going to fly like a bird."

Ali was up at 2 a.m. on the morning of the fight. He dressed in a black shirt, black trousers and the boots he considers the trademark of his profession. He and his party stood on the esplanade overlooking the River Zaire. The moon was directly above, and there was almost no conversation, the group looking out over the great river with the hyacinth drifting by in dark clumps, the mood that of men getting ready for a patrol.

But the long ride from N'sele to the

great stadium in Kinshasa seemed to change Ali's spirits. The revolving overhead fans were going in his dressing room. Ali came in blinking, squinting his eyes open and shut like anyone getting up too early in the morning. He looked at some of the long faces around him and asked, "What's wrong around here? Everybody scared?"

He said that he had watched a horror film that evening called *Baron of Blood* and that had scared him, kept him right on the edge of his seat, but he wasn't frightened about what was coming. He scoffed at the thought. "This ain't nothing but another day in the dramatic life of Muhammad Ali. Scared? A little thing like this! Do I look scared?" He grinned and put on a mock face of fear, his eyes rolling. "Nothing much scares me. Horror films. I fear Allah and thunderstorms and bad plane rides. But this is like another day in the gym."

Someone reached for his hand and said, "Good luck."

"Luck?" he repeated in derision. "No, man, *shii!*"

He undressed and put on a long white ceremonial robe with black trimmings for his ring appearance. "Look how long and beautiful it is. It's African and everybody can look at it and tell it's African." Usually Ali wears a robe designed by Bundini Brown, who now stood by, looking uncomfortable.

"Where's your robe, Bundini?" Ali asked.

Bundini brought his forward. It was

Eyes wide as if surprised at his own daring, Ali unveiled his strategy, slipping punches, playing the ropes while the champion ran down.



trimmed with the Zairian colors and had a map of the country stitched above the heart. Bundini himself wore a matching jacket.

"Look how much better *this* one looks." Ali spun like a dress model in front of the mirror. "It's African. Look in the mirror."

Bundini refused. With his robe draped over his arm he stared fixedly at the fighter.

Ali slapped him, the sound quite sharp in the dressing room. "You look when I tell you! Don't ever do a thing like that." He slapped him again. Bundini stood with his feet together, swaying slightly, still holding his robe and looking at Ali. He refused to look at the mirror.

No one took much notice. It was perhaps quieter, the hum of the fans turning, and then Ali shrugged and went over and sat on the edge of the training table. In a low singsong voice he began a soft litany of verses and musings, some of which stretched back exactly 10 years to the night in Miami when he had won the championship from Sonny Liston. "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee . . . you can't hit what you can't see . . . I been broke . . . I been down . . . but not knocked out . . . it's strange getting stopped . . ." He concluded the little review of his boxing career with a cry (very much discouraged by Zairian officials but one he cannot resist) which brought him clear up to the present: "Now! Let's rumble in the jungle!"

He hopped off the table and set about

making Bundini feel better about the incident over the robe.

"Bundini, we gonna dance?" he called. Silence.

"Ain't we gonna dance, Bundini? You know I can't dance without you."

"You turned down my robe," Bundini said moodily.

Ali shrugged his shoulders. He said a champion ought to be able to make some decisions on his own—what to eat, when to sleep, what to wear—and he did it so beguilingly that finally Bundini had a smile working at his lips.

"Are we going to dance?"

"All night long," replied Bundini, back in form at last, and drawing it out like a response at a prayer meeting.

Someone called out, "Ten minutes."

Angelo Dundee began to tape Ali's hands. Doc Broadus, Foreman's representative, stood by to watch. Ali looked at him. "Tell your man to be ready for the dance," he said.

Broadus said, barely audibly, "He can't dance."

"What's he say?"

"George Foreman's man says he can't dance."

Ali feigned incredulity, and then he began to laugh. All around the room his people began to smile, most of them almost sheepishly, as if high spirits were not appropriate to what lay ahead.

Ferdie Pacheco, Ali's physician, came back from watching Foreman's hands being taped. "Man, is it tense in there," he said. "Not a sound. They got Fore-

man covered in towels so you can just see his eyes looking out."

"He's getting warmed up for the Big Dance," Ali said. "Are we going to dance with him?" he called out.

"All night long," replied Bundini.

The mental image of Ali dancing was what everyone carried out onto the field where the great crowd stood up to see him arrive. Not one person in Kinshasa or the watching world, except for Ali himself, had the slightest suspicion that in the first seconds of the fight, indeed at the sound of the opening bell, he would take a few flat-footed steps toward the center of the ring and then back himself into a corner—with Foreman, scarcely believing his eyes, coming swiftly in after him.

For one sickening moment it looked as if a fix were on, that since the challenger was to succumb in the first round it would be best if he went quickly and mutely to a corner so the champion could go to work on him. It was either that or Ali was going through the odd penitential rite he seems to insist on for each fight, letting himself suffer the best his opponent has to offer. In either case, the consequences were appalling to consider. Ali's cornermen rose as one and, at the shrieks reserved for warning someone walking blindly toward the edge of a cliff, they urged their man to stop what he was doing and start dancing.

Far from obliging, Ali moved from the corner to the ropes—traditionally a sort of halfway house to the canvas for the

continued

Gradually Foreman's punches became less effective and Ali began to taunt him, offering open targets and leaning back in confident scorn.



exhausted fighter who hopes perhaps the referee will take pity on him and stop things. Here was Ali in the same spot, his feet square to his opponent, leaning far back out over the seats, his eyes popping wide as if at the temerity of what he was doing, while Foreman stood in front of him and began to punch—huge heavy blows thrown from down around the hips, street-fighter style, telegraphed so that Ali was able to slip and block many of them. Then, with the bell coming up for the end of the round, Ali came off the ropes. While Foreman's arms were down in punching position Ali hit him with a series of quick, smart punches in the face, the best of them a right hand lead that knocked the sweat flying in a halo. The vast crowd roared, and perhaps there were a few who began to sense that they were not in for a night of lunacy after all. Angelo Dundee noticed that almost immediately Foreman's face began to puff up.

Still, when Ali came back to his corner his men stormed at him as he sat on his stool.

"What you doin'?"

"Why don't you dance?"

"You got to dance!"

"Stay off the ropes..."

Ali, looking across the ring, told them to shut up. "Don't talk. I know what I'm doing," he said.

The second and third rounds were carbon copies of the first exciting round though, as Dick Sadler pointed out later, very few of the ingredients of scientific boxing were involved. No countering, no feinting, no moving; simply the hugely terrifying and unique process of seeing a man slowly drained of his energy and resources by an opponent swaying on the ropes, giving him—as Angelo Dundee was to say later—"a lot of nothing."

In the third round, in the midst of continued tremendous pressure from Foreman, Ali hit him some concussive shots, staggering him, and suddenly everybody except Foreman seemed to understand not only the plan but that it was working almost inevitably. Ali's cornermen looked at him as if they were a trio of Professor Higginses looking at their Eliza for the first time.

The notion of fighting Foreman out of a defensive position, blocking and making his opponent slug and miss to the point of weariness, was an idea Ali had only toyed with back in his Deer Lake,



Ex-champion Joe Frazier flew in for the action.

Pa. training period earlier in the summer. Then in Africa, spying on the Foreman training sessions, he watched the doggedness with which the champion pursued his sparring partners, cutting the ring on them and perfecting this practice to such a degree that Ali realized far too great a percentage of his own strength and resources would have to be devoted to the simple process of escape. The Deer Lake tactics began to make more sense. Indeed, the only weakness attributed to Foreman was that he tended to get flustered and wild if things were not going exactly his way. Perhaps the surprise of Ali's defensive tactics would have this result. It seemed worth trying. If it did not work, if the Foreman punches seemed too devastating, Ali could always (if he survived) go back to the dancing techniques everyone expected.

Later, amidst the storm of excitement in his corner after the third round, he told Angelo Dundee that it seemed to be working, that Foreman's punches were acceptable ("They're not that bad") and he told his astonished trainer that he was going out to continue to let Foreman pound at him.

In the fourth round Ali began to talk to Foreman. It is not easy to speak through a boxer's mouthpiece but Ali began doing a lot of it, more as the rounds progressed, as if it would quicken the matter of Foreman's destruction—"Is that the best you can do? You can't punch. Show me something. That's a sis-

sy punch"—until he finally turned it around to what must have been a devastating thing for Foreman to hear: "Now it's my turn."

Still there was no change in Foreman's tactics. He kept it up, this useless exhaustion of energy, what Bundini Brown called the "emptying of the bank," the punches coming slower and more ponderously, until raising off his stool after the bell and coming across the ring at Ali, he seemed as pathetic in the single-mindedness of his attack plan as the mummies of Ali's beloved horror films, as programmed as the stiff-moving figure lurching through the mists after the life-giving draughts of tana leaves. Indeed, "The Mummy" had been Ali's name for Foreman, one of the inspired appellatives Ali finds for his opponents ("The Washerwoman" for George Chuvalo, "The Bear" for Liston) and nothing could have been more descriptive of Foreman's groping for him in the last rounds. "I am going to be the Mummy's Curse," Ali had said a few days before the fight.

By the eighth round nothing was left. Foreman was helpless. But here was another ugly possibility, that Ali would choose to toy with his opponent and physically tease him as he had Floyd Patterson in Las Vegas. Herbert Muhammad, the son of the Black Muslim leader, sent up word from his ringside seat that his father would not want Ali to play around. Bundini passed it on in the corner, that Herbert did not want his daddy, Elijah, disgraced.

But Ali was not toying with Foreman any more than a circling mongoose fools with a prey exhausted from striking. In the sad business of dispatching a hulk, he did it quickly and crisply with a combination of lefts and rights that sent Foreman flying to the canvas on his back.

Archie Moore, his face round and benign under his wool cap, came up onto the ring apron; he moved along the ropes trying to attract Foreman's attention with arm motions, signaling him to turn onto his stomach and get a knee under him to push himself up. The count went to nine. Then Archie gave a small voice of despair as he saw Referee Zack Clayton sweep his arms briskly back and forth over Foreman as if he were safe at home in a baseball game.

George Foreman could not remember the last seconds of the fight. He lay on the rubbing table in his red-walled dressing room, gold lamé towels draped over

his shoulders, ice packs applied to his face. He asked Dick Sadler if he had been knocked out cold. Like a man flexing a leg that has gone to sleep, he began testing his senses, counting slowly backwards from 100, and then calling out the names of everyone he could think of in his camp, a doleful roll call of more than 20 names. His first answers to reporters suggested a man trying to forget a somewhat hazy and uncomfortable dream, knowing that if he worked at remembering it, the bad scenes would come back. He said that he was not tired, that he felt truly he had been in control of the fight and that he had felt "secure" until to his considerable surprise his cornermen jumped into the ring. "He won the fight," Foreman said unsurely, "but I cannot admit that he beat me. It's never been said that I have been knocked out."

Over and over, as if in vindication of a program that could not have failed (it really hadn't, had it?), he repeated that he had followed Dick Sadler's directions "to the best of my ability." His only criticism was that "they had pumped my head up a little too much."

Then he repeated, at times so slowly that it seemed as if he were stumbling through a written text, what he had so often said in dressing-room statements following his victories: "There is never a loser. No fighter should be a winner. Both should be applauded."

The reporters stood around uncomfortably, knowing that it would finally sink in that for the first time in his professional career his generous words for a loser referred to himself.

The rest of Foreman's camp seemed just as bewildered. It was almost as if black magic were involved, that the girl from the *finickier* with her "slightly trembling hand" had indeed got to Foreman to drain the strength from him.

Dick Sadler threw his hands up in petulance. "Everything we planned to do—cutting the ring, overpowering Ali, going after him—was designed to put him on the ropes. And there he was. Just exactly where we wanted him." His voice was high-pitched with frustration. "The bird's nest was on the ground. It was time to sit down to eat the feast. But George didn't do it right. He wasn't doing what

he was supposed to. Hard combinations. Getting in closer. He wasn't setting him up with the left hand. We told him. It didn't register."

Archie Moore had a more sanguine view. He pointed out that the champion did not really *have* Ali on the ropes. Ali had placed himself there, which was quite different, and thus he was in the tradition of the great "rope fighters" like Young Jack Thompson, a welterweight champion of the '20s who used the ropes with the skill of a spider on the strands of his web.

Moore cleared his throat. He is extravagant not only polysyllabically but in the use of metaphor, and he had one to offer. "Ali swayed so far back on the ropes that it was like he was sitting in an old convertible Cadillac. The '54 model," he added, being very accurate about such things. "Now, George tried to enter from the side doors. But they were shut. So George began to bang at them, hitting at Ali's arms that had the elbows protecting his hips, on up to the gloves protecting the lower mandible. On occasion George struck Ali some tremendous

continued

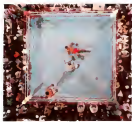
Coming off the ropes as the champion became more flat-footed, Ali punctuated each round with fast, stinging shots like this right-hand lead.



blows on the upper cranium, causing Ali no little discomfiture. But Ali weathered that, and he cunningly convinced George that he couldn't punch and other such nonsensical things, until George began to behave like he actually believed it, until this tremendous puncher lost his power from punching at that Cadillac's doors and turned from an atomic force into a firecracker. "In short," said the great ex-fighter, "as they say in the idiom of Brooklyn, he blew his cool."

In the days after the fight, when his senses had fully returned, Foreman himself offered no excuses. "If you go out rabbit hunting," he said, "and you're a poor man, and all you got is a rifle, and a table, and a family at home . . . and out in the field there's a rabbit—Bam!—and you miss, it don't do no good to come with excuses to put on the table."

"But you had the rabbit dead in your



The king was dead and even as he lay there

rifle sights in the ring," someone said.

Foreman shrugged. "The tactics were mine. Every time I fought someone he eventually got it. Regardless of where he went or what he did in the ring, eventually he got it. I thought that was going to happen. One of the shots would get him. But this guy never really fought. He was like someone in a canoe. He rolled along with the tide, waiting for it to turn. He was clever."

The object of Foreman's admiration was trying out his new title. "Heavyweight champion of the world," Ali said, drawing out the words. "It's going to take about a week to sink in."

Ten years before in his small training quarters in South Miami he had covered his mattress with a felt-tipped scrawl of those magic words next to his name (Cassius Clay then) to see how it would look

if he won the title. Now a decade later, and after not having it for seven years, the title was his once more, and with it befitting adulation. It had been dawn when the new champion left the stadium on the night of his victory. Along the route out of town back to his training compound on the Zaire, at every village and crossing, the crowds that had heard the news were out along the road, often whole rows leaping in exultation, so that the passage of his small caravan—headed by a police car with an orange beacon twirling, then his Citroën and the two buses with his camp people—seemed like the return of a military column into liberated territory.

It was only when the convoy reached open country that the crowds began to dwindle. The first drops of rain began to



the crowd tensed. Then burst into the

fall. Heavy low clouds scudded on the hills ahead. It had rained furiously in Miami after Ali had won the championship from Liston. Now the rain drummed on the bus roof. For the last miles to the compound the convoy crept through the first driving downpour of the rainy season. In one of the quirks of good luck that finally graced the fight, the storm had held off just long enough; as it came down the river toward Kinshasa it knocked out the huge signal-sending facilities to the satellites, so that the millions who watched the fight on closed circuit or on television sets would have seen their picture fade and then go blank if the storm had come through an hour or so earlier. When the storm reached the stadium in Kinshasa the water drained

down the seats onto the grass and toward the center of the field as if the ring stood above a gigantic sluice. Under the stadium stands, the water stood a foot deep in George Foreman's dressing room. In the city it thrashed the flame trees and sent the bright blossoms swirling down the boulevards.

Kinshasa is a city symbolically appropriate to the fall and shifts of dominance and power. Everywhere, usually at the end of a broad avenue, or in front of a government building, are great bare stone pedestals, now flat on top, with weeds growing in the cracks, on which



ring in a mad crush to be near the new king.

once stood the imposing statues of Belgian colonial rule. On the promontory above the stretch of the Zaire which is still called Stanley's Pool, the famous statue of the explorer himself once stood, peering up the river under the palm of one hand like an Indian chief. It too has been pulled down and lies in a giant shed near the National Museum in a jumble of cast-iron horses and kings. The roof of the shed is tin. On the dawn of the day the heavyweight crown shifted hands, the sound of the rain on the roof must have been deafening.

END





The long arm of Aggie Tackle Warren Trebas reaches out to arrest a Razorback ballcarrier.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN KUSTRELLER

or so strong, and have yell practice. Later, they form a "spirit" gauntlet from the jock dorm to the stadium for the players to walk through. They stand throughout every home game, calling themselves collectively "the 12th man." By tradition, they kiss their dates after every Aggie score. In short, as other Texans have known for years, Aggies are incurably square and just a little crazy.

To underline the latter, there was the sad summer when Reveille II, the A&M college mascot, had to be put to sleep. His corpse was kept on ice until the entire student body returned that fall. Then he was given an open-casket funeral and buried next to his predecessor, Reveille I, outside the north end of the stadium. Presumably with full military honors.

What is different this season is that the Aggies have a football team that seems worthy of their tireless lungs and feet. Before last weekend the Aggies had beaten Clemson by 24 points, beaten LSU at Baton Rouge for only the second time in 15 years and knocked off Washington, Texas Tech (on regional TV), TCU and Baylor, losing only to Kansas. Last Saturday afternoon, as the *Aggie War Hymn* and the *Spirit of Aggieland* rang out over Kyle Field, A&M whipped the Arkansas Razorbacks 20-10 (six kisses worth), run its record to 7-1 and improved its chances for the Southwest Conference championship, which Texas has won the last six years.

Normally, Texas A&M and Texas play on Thanksgiving, but this year, at the request of network television, the game will be live on the tube the day after—Friday, Nov. 29. Unless one of the teams is upset in the interim, a fair possibility in this outy season, the game will decide the conference's representative in the Cotton Bowl. Unfortunately for the Aggies, it will be played in Austin. A&M has not won in Memorial Stadium since 1956 and has only two victories for all its 29 games at Austin.

That there is hope in Aggieland is largely to the credit of A&M's coach, quiet, pipe-puffing, Texas-born Emory Bellard. He was an outstanding high school coach in the state (139-34-3 at three schools, three state championships) before joining Darrell Royal's staff at Texas. He was there for five seasons and in-

THE AGGIE JOKE IS ON ITS WAY OUT

In Texas, kidding A&M may soon be old-fashioned. As Arkansas was the latest team to discover, the football is just fine

by JOE JARES

Things have changed in Texas' Brazos Valley. The Brazos Trail is now known as Highway 6 and about the only livestock to be seen are chrome emblems on Mustangs. That old railroad depot-turned-into-a-town, College Station, has advanced culturally to the point where it has its very own strip of franchise restaurants and chain motels. And the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, home of the Aggies, once an all-male, all-military institution sometimes called "Sing Sing on the Brazos," is full

of coeds and civilians, and the name is now Texas A&M University. The A&M part no longer stands for anything, perhaps left in there just to remind folks that in the not too distant past the campus was a curious blend of West Point, the Future Farmers of America and a seminary.

What apparently has not changed at Texas A&M is the spirit. Aggies still build a huge bonfire before the big game with Texas, and at midnight before home games they meet in Kyle Field, 10,000

vented the Wishbone formation, although he did not personally dream up that name.

In 1972 Bellard took over as head man at A&M, where he continued to tinker with the X's and O's. In his original alignment, the halfbacks lined up a yard or so deeper than the fullback, thus creating the curved Wishbone look. Bellard now has moved his halfbacks up even with the fullback, as in the old straight-T formation, but spread them further out from the fullback than usual. He calls the formation the T-bone. Without delving into the coaching-clinic intricacies of it, he claims his halfbacks now block more effectively, get to the holes sooner and move out as receivers more quickly.

A&M football has made steady progress since Bellard's arrival. The Aggies suffered through a 3-8 record in 1972 but improved to 5-6 last year. This season they were ready to howl, inspiring, naturally, a bumper sticker: NO BRAG. JUST FACT: THE AGGIES ARE BACK.

They bashed Clemson in their home opener 24-0. It would have been more one-sided if the rooting section would have turned into a passion pit, except for A&M mistakes. They traveled to Baton Rouge and beat LSU 21-14, after which LSU Coach Charlie McClendon said, "Their physical size moved us off the line. They had the size, the players and the experience. You might say they stuffed it at us, and they beat us at the line of scrimmage. In fact, they beat us on the line, on the corners, anywhere you want to look."

Next came a trip to Washington, whose head coach, Jim Owens, had once been an assistant at A&M. He did once reminisce: "Can you imagine being surrounded by Texas in Austin, SMU in Dallas, TCU in Fort Worth, Rice in Houston—and being in College Station, a little bitty town at that time. The students all lived in barracks, everybody had to wear uniforms, there were no girls. Believe me when I tell you that was one tough sale!"

Well, there are girls in Aggieland today (they are called Maggies), only 2,500 of the 21,500 students are in the ROTC and the dorms do not resemble barracks. And A&M had athletes good enough to beat Washington 28-15. They were sloppy again, losing five fumbles, but spectacular plays by Linebacker Ed Simonini saved the day.

There followed an 18-point loss at

Kansas, but the Aggies came back to beat Texas Tech 28-7 ("For Tech it was like somebody poured gas in the dressing room and started a fire," said Center Ricky Seeker. "We were not flat for them.") and trounced TCU 17-0 and Baylor 20-0.

The names of some Aggie players deserve special note. Garth Ten Napel, linebacker, sounds like a street address in Rotterdam. Ricky Seeker should be a wide-ranging ground-to-air missile. Bubba Bean, halfback, sounds like something developed by the campus Agronomy Society. And who could forget a middle linebacker named John McCrumbley?

As the Aggies moved to seventh in the UPI poll, eighth in the AP poll, there were niggling suspicions that maybe A&M was not really all that tough. For instance, the matter of fumbles. "I'm not going to sit here and talk about mistakes," Bellard snapped to an interviewer. "You mention the word mistake and people start thinking they go hand in hand with A&M football. I'm tired of that."

If Bellard seemed oversensitive about the A&M image, it was understandable. He is not alone, for wherever Former Students master (they do not call themselves alumni), Aggie jokes are an irritating subject of conversation. In other parts of the United States there are Polish jokes, Italian jokes, Bohemian jokes, etc., but in Texas there always have been Aggie jokes. The Former Students are striking back.

There is a story out of Dallas that no doubt has been exaggerated in the retelling. The master of ceremonies at a dinner told an Aggie joke and got his anticipated laugh. Then a Former Student sitting in the back of the room stood up and called to the dais: "You recently sold a \$100,000 insurance policy to my company. As of today it's canceled."

Republican gubernatorial candidate Jim Granberry, speaking in Waco and perhaps feeling he was safely within Baylor territory, told an Aggie joke that went something like this:

A woman discovered to her horror that her basement was infested by a cotene

continued

The Brazos babe. 18-year-old Quarterback Dave Walker, rolls out from A&M's "T-bone."





Coach Ballard points the way to the top.

of large rats. She consulted the Yellow Pages and called the Aggie Exterminating Co., which sent a vanload of Aggies decked out in full military regalia and carrying rifles with fixed bayonets. They charged into the basement. The result: Two of the Aggies were killed in action, eight were wounded, six defected to the other side and two came out with war brides.

Well, the Waco *Tribune-Herald* reprinted the joke, "credited" Granberry and the Former Students blew their collective stack. At every motel in College Station last weekend copies of the joke were posted, along with appeals to get

out the vote against Granberry. There are more than 50,000 Former Students in the state and Granberry obviously was not going to find enough votes among them to be elected garbage man, despite the telegram of apology he sent to the school's president.

Nobody, of course, has been laughing about the Texas A&M football team, least of all Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. The Razorbacks started their season gloriously by beating highly touted USC, but injuries and other problems had left them with a 4-3 record (1-2 in the SWC). Against Baylor, Arkansas fell behind 14-0, came back to lead 17-14 and then fumbled, giving Baylor a golden chance to march a short distance for the winning touchdown. It was one of the most disappointing losses of Broyles' estimable career.

"We fight back like a good football team, we fight our guts out and then lay it on the ground," he said afterward. "One play, one in a lifetime that comes at the wrong time."

Out of contention for the conference championship but at least somewhat healthier ("Now we're just limping on one leg instead of two," said Broyles), Arkansas went to College Station hoping to knock off a Top Ten team and salvage something from the season. Broyles talked of A&M's "awesome-looking squad," its quick, confident defense and "phenomenal running game."

But the game was phenomenal mostly for mistakes and penalties. It was also what coaches like to call a "physical game," meaning the collisions out on the AstroTurf made even them wince. In the first three series of downs there were calls for offensive pass interference, offside, holding and a personal foul. And A&M's 18-year-old sophomore quarterback, David Walker, blew a touchdown by hanging a pass too high, forcing his receiver to stop and wait under it, as if it were a punt. Walker, who just the day before had been described by Ballard as having "an exceptional arm," was way off on his passing all day.

Typically, a mistake opened the way for the first score. A&M Punter Mark Stanley got off a beautiful kick into the wind and Arkansas Safety Floyd Hogan tried to catch it over his shoulder while running toward his own goal. Hogan dropped it, A&M recovered and Jerry Honore, playing fullback in place of the

injured first stringer, plunged in from the one three plays later.

Arkansas took the kickoff and promptly marched 73 yards for the tying touchdown. Marched is perhaps not the correct word because two penalties helped. The TD came on a 12-yard Mark Miller-to-Joe Forte pass.

The Razorbacks might have guessed they were going to fall behind in the second quarter if they had taken a look at the statistics. A&M had outscored its opponents 72-0 in second quarters. Sure enough, Randy Huddox, with the wind at his back, kicked a school-record 57-yard field goal and the Aggies went into the locker room with a 10-7 lead. The 12th man, except for the huge military marching band, could sit down for a while. There might well have been a 17-7 lead to savor except that Walker overthrew a wide-open Bubba Bean.

After a scoreless third quarter, Arkansas capitalized on the recovery of an errant A&M pitchout and got close enough for Steve Little to kick a 32-yard field goal that made it 10-10. But three plays later Honore, who had earned the ball only three times all season before this game, plunged up the middle on what started as a routine play, broke a tackle or two or three and sprinted 60 yards to a touchdown. He ended up with 131 yards on 19 carries for a 6.9 rushing average, not bad for a three-year bench warmer.

Huddox's subsequent 40-yard field goal was icing, and the superb Aggie defense, led by a Louisiana Cajun at tackle, Warren Trahan, and the three quick linebackers, Siminani, McCrumbly and Ten Napel, kept Arkansas in check. "A&M's defense was extremely quick and well-coached," said Broyles. "We couldn't keep them blocked."

The Top Ten, a 7-1 record, All-America candidates all over the place—why, it was almost more excitement than the Former Students could bear. In Aggeland, which is any place in the world two or more Aggies gather, school rings were flashed more conspicuously than usual and the talk probably got around to setting up a fund to feed Reveille III ground flet every day. Naturally, there is a new Aggie joke circulating to fit the situation, about the students who wanted to chant, "We're No. 1!" but didn't know how many fingers to put up.

The Aggies themselves are laughing at that one—maybe all the way to the Cotton Bowl.



Aggie, Maggie and mascot stir school spirit.

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1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report. Mar. '74

REVEL OF OARS AND SHELLS

The Charles River was a riot, and why not—2,400 rowers pulling for glory or simply for the fun of it

by DAN LEVIN

They call it the race that everyone wins, everyone—world-class oarsmen rowing for glory and record times, veterans rowing to celebrate themselves, and dead-last losers rowing, as one of them said at the finish last week, "just for the thrill of being in the world's largest regatta." And that is what it was, or sort of was, Boston's 10th annual Head of the Charles, with 2,437 oarsmen, 19,496 blisters and—leading the world—542 gleaming racing shells.

Other regattas, those featuring mostly eight-oared crews, may have had more oarsmen, but none ever put more shells on the water: single and double sculls, pairs, fours and eights; shells for veter-

Continued

Smooth Olympian Jim Dietz won the singles.





Cambridge on a bright fall afternoon as 60,000 sunbathed spectators watched a regatta: a flotilla of eights scrambles upstream against the clock, with the buildings of Harvard in the background. Above, a pair from the University of Massachusetts passes off the oars, and at right, a women's crew from the University of Tampa sweeps under the Edgart bridge heading full bore for the finish. The Williams women, as it turned out, did not win.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEHART



ants, novices and juniors, lightweights, intermediates and elites; and 72 just for women. And what ensued, on a clear, delicious fall day, was a feast for the senses. The white steeples of Harvard all but shimmered in the cool air, and the trees along the Charles were still wild with color. The bridges and the riverbanks were brimming with a young, happy crowd, shouting, "Go-go-go." Clack-clack-clack came the echoes from the coxswains' blocks, up and down the winding course, and all day on the water there was the rhythmic rise and fall, the soft lapping of a thousand oars and more.

The start was at the western end of the broad Charles River Lagoon, a mile upstream from downtown Boston. The racing began at 11 a.m. Sunday with the veterans' single sculls—46 men over 40, 13 of them 60 or over. A strong northwest wind blew in their faces, kicking up a foot-high chop against the frail shells. The course for this and the rest of the events was three miles upstream, the boats starting at intervals of 10 to 15 seconds. All the vets survived the long pull, each in his fashion, notably Jerry Olrich of the Cambridge Boat Club, who had the unbeatable combination of being 61 years old and having a strong, wiry body. An eight-second handicap is granted the veterans for every year over 40 and Olrich won for the eighth time in 10 years, with an uncorrected time of 23:49.1.

As Olrich finished, another veteran, Ed Witte, had just passed the halfway point. He had had a heart attack last year, but now he rowed with a big grin on his face, hearing the cheers for him. Ed Witte, age 78, Harvard '20, was the oldest, slowest oarsman at the Head, with a time of 41:26, and as he crossed the finish line he was caught by the winners of the next event, the double sculls. Dr. Larry Klecatsky and Jim Dietz, who were about to finish their race in 17:38.9. The day would be an endless series of contrasts—the young and the old, the playful and the serious. But just how Witte stopped and watched and seemed to be remembering how it once had been.

Klecatsky, 33, and Dietz, 25, current national doubles champions, were two of the superstars at the Head. The Cat, as Klecatsky is known to his admirers, is a 5'11", 150-pound New Yorker and a six-time national lightweight singles champion. He makes an odd-looking but effective doubles partner for Dietz, who is 6'6" and 195 pounds. Dietz, a five-time

national heavyweight singles champion, was fifth in the singles at Metch and second at the world championship last summer. He said, "I'm finally learning something about rowing." Judging by the way the other oarsmen watched him, he was teaching something, too.

They were the first of the day's Heads of the Charles—Olrich, Witte, Klecatsky and Dietz, each in a different way the first of the best, each a Head of the River. That is what the term means—excellence. And there were many more Heads to come.

A Harvard shell was the next, with a 16:33.9 win the lightweight eights. And then came the elite fours, a race that might have been closer than it was had not Harvard rowed into an unregulated entanglement, a Labrador retriever in the process of retrieving a stick. In trying to avoid the Lab, Harvard lost half an oar to a rock and finished third, 1.8 seconds behind the first-place Potomac Boat Club of Washington, D.C. Fourteenth place in this event was captured by the Brothers Four, not a folk-singing group but the Raymonds from Princeton, N.J.—Peter, the Harvard freshman lightweight coach, Whiteaker, Christopher and Joshua. It was said there had never been such a crew anywhere. But no one at the Charles thought too much about it. One women's eight had twin sisters. Competing in other events on the river were fathers and sons, a sister and a brother and even one combination of a father, a son and a daughter.

The first women's event was the single sculls—there were 15 entrants—and it had rowing's answer to Wonder Woman, Gail Pierson of Natchitoches, La. Pierson is an associate professor of economics at M.I.T. as well as a four-time women's national trapshooting doubles champion. She is also currently in the top half in the East among ranked women cross-country skiers. She took up that sport two years ago, but has been rowing five years, in which time she has been on three national teams and twice national singles champion in the 500-meter sprint. At the Head she won the women's singles easily, in 23:25.8. Thirty-eight seconds back, in second, was a Radcliffe junior named Wicki Royden, who has been seafaring for just a few months.

In all, there were 452 women competing at the Head last week. In 1971 there were five, and in 1976 women's crew will be an Olympic sport for the first time. The

Head of the Charles may well have been the pre-tryouts for the U.S. team. But for every woman pulling to the limits of her strength at the regatta, there were many more for whom being there was all the fun. A Wellesley College senior named Melissa Hale, an English lit. major, came with her new single scull, an early graduation present. She had painted a name on it—*J. Alfred Prufrock*—and at the Head she sculled dreamily up the Charles, reciting from T. S. Eliot, "*Let us go then, you and I . . .*" until a fierce competitor tried to pass her beneath a bridge and accidentally hit her in the stomach with an oar. Later her bandanas fell off and, hung for it, she almost capsize. She heard friends shouting her name and thought the race was over, but it was only the halfway point. She kept wandering off the course, but finally finished, in 39:05, dead last. But she did not care. "I was kind of taken with it," she said.

All day the oarsmen passed each other. Puddling leisurely downstream, some were passed by those with more serious purpose going up. Sometimes the leaders in one event would overtake the stragglers from the previous one. Melissa Hale was passed and momentarily alarmed by a number of the better junior eights. From the *J. Alfred Prufrock*, the far larger eights with their shouting coxswains seemed like slave galleys.

And the boats kept coming. The traffic on the river was like downtown Rome. A Yale women's eight, cruising around upstream, plowed into an intermediate sculling shell, leaving a gaping hole. But Larry Klecatsky pierced the armada like a needle to win the elite lightweight singles competition by 39 seconds. And then came the lightweight fours, the only event at the Head with both men's and women's boats. Harvard led the men, and Radcliffe was best of the women. It was not meant to be a competition between the sexes, but when the Radcliffe boat pulled to within a length of one of the men's fours, well . . . "They realized we were women and took off," said Radcliffe coxswain Nancy Hadley. "I think they cut 20 seconds off their time."

But that was the day's only threat to male egos. All other events were segregated. In the women's eights there were 42 shells, the largest field ever, anywhere, and the best crew won by 31 seconds. Every member of Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club entry had won a national title

continued

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Chanting "Boola, Boolal," they spill out of fraternity houses and run for the stadium.

It was at such a moment that a coach had told his team, "Gentlemen, you are about to play football for Yale against Harvard. Never in your lives will you do anything so important!"

Now, there is no stopping them. These are Saturday's children on a winning streak. And at university clubs throughout the world, old Blues profoundly wish them well.

Ballantine's Scotch was there. Like those classic days, the classic scotch. With a taste to be celebrated again and again.



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at one time or another, and in 1972 Vesper had set the course record of 18:24 in a fair wind. Now, with five women from that same boat and rowing into a cold, tough wind, the crew only missed breaking it by 4 of a second.

The clocks had been turned back the night before, and by four o'clock much of the riverbank lay in shadow. As Jim Dietz left the starting line for the elite heavyweight singles event, which he would win for the fifth time, the portals beneath the six bridges over the course were growing darker. Finally, only one event remained, the elite eights, and the big shells were moving downstream toward the starting line. Suddenly, no other boats remained on the river but the eights, and thus, with the lowering sun and the cold, seemed to create an air of repressed excitement in the huddling, waiting crowd.

Partly it was the general glamour of the big eights, but mostly it was the specific glamour of one of them, No. 79 on the regatta program. With the exception of one oarsman this was the U.S. national crew, the one that had gone unheralded to Lucerne in late summer and beaten the British and the New Zealanders over 2,000 meters to win the world championship. Four of them were Harvard men from last season's undefeated Crimson crew, and as the shell hobbled in the lagoon there were questions upstream: Are they still in shape? How will they do over a three-mile course?

The answers were: Yes, and, Oh, boy!

The world champions blasted up the river. On the bridges the spectators watched them approach, looked down on the shell as it disappeared underneath and then darted daringly through the traffic, to see it emerge on the other side. The onlookers had the exuberance of small boys in the long-ago South, who had waited all day to see the Robert E. Lee.

And then it was over, suddenly, the race and the regatta and the day, all of them together. The world champions had won in 15:36, 23.2 seconds ahead of No. 80, the Vesper and Union boat clubs. The out-of-town boats were being packed aboard their carriers now, big boats from places like Yale, a single scull from the Nonesuch Oar and Paddle Club of Prout's Neck, Maine, boats from 114 other clubs, schools and colleges, of all sizes and sorts, all homeward bound after a glorious day on the river. **END**

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the oven stays cool. When the time of the game is saving energy, the name of the microwave oven is Amana Radarange.

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UP FROM THE WIN WINDOWS

Leading trainer Bobby Frankel learned about horses the hard way—he started out as a bettor

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

Horatio Alger had it all wrong. If you want to be successful and rich, don't bother to study hard and keep your nose to the grindstone. Don't try to be modest and lovable.

Witness the case of Bobby Frankel. At 33, Frankel is an eminently successful trainer of thoroughbreds, one of the three leading horsemen in Southern California. He is on his way to being rich: his horses have earned nearly \$800,000 this year and one out of every five he sends to the starting gate wins.

Frankel did not get to the top by burning the midnight oil, for he was a one-semester college dropout. "I was a bad student," he says. "I had no interest. The only subject I ever passed was math; with math you either know it or you don't. But the other stuff you've got to study and I was too busy playing baseball." After college he was in rapid and undistinguished succession a construction worker, soldier and Wall Street clerk. "All I can say about those jobs is that I didn't like any of them." Indeed, he spent most of his formative years between 18 and 22, when the rule book says a young man should be concentrating on a career, hanging indolently around racetracks,

betting money cadged from an indulgent mother.

Modesty is totally foreign to Frankel. He says, "I definitely think I'm the best trainer in the business. I'm not scared of any other trainer alive. And I'll tell you one thing. When I'm not No. 1 in the standings, I don't like it." On a recent afternoon when he saddled three winners, and acquaintances kept stopping by to congratulate him, he accepted the praise impassively, not bothering even to smile. "I expect to do that good," he says. "Naturally, I'm happy to win these races but, well, you know how it is. The rich

want to get richer and the fellow out in front wants to get farther out. I'm a bad loser, so I'm not going to work at being a good winner."

Still, winners are the nourishment on which the Frankel ego feeds. "I love the action, I'd love to run nine horses a day," he says. "Except, of course, if I ever had nine losers: I hate to saddle a loser." His veterinarian says, "Bobby isn't just determined to win, he's psychotic about winning."

The fact that Frankel wins at all, much less with such stunning consistency, disturbs many of the oldtimers in the game.

CITY BOY Frankel is very much at home now in the countryside atmosphere of the track.



They do not understand how this brash young newcomer can continue to keep proving himself as good as he claims to be. Horse racing has its traditions. To become a successful trainer, a man is supposed to grow up around horses; he is supposed to spend years of apprenticeship as a helper on a breeding farm or as a groom at the track, sometimes as an exercise boy or jockey.

Frankel spent his apprenticeship on the upper levels of the grandstands of the New York tracks, high above the eighth pole, a spot affording a good view of the stretch drive and convenient access to the

\$50 betting windows. He was a gambler, not a horseman.

At first he was no better at picking the horses than any other beginner at the game. At the age of 17 he suffered an excruciating embarrassment when he slipped out of his parents' home with their good set of silverware, hocked it for \$50 worth of betting money, dropped the \$50—and found to his horror that the family had unexpectedly scheduled one of its rare dinner parties.

Gradually, however, he learned how to read past performances and translate them into winning tickets. "I was a good

handicapper," he concedes, just as he concedes that he is now a good trainer. "I'd match my picks against anybody at that time. I made scores you wouldn't believe, and with hardly no money. The fellows I was hanging around with at the track could have been my father, but they were following me to the windows to see who I bet—and me just a kid."

Once he went to the track broke, borrowed \$5, ran it up to \$1,000, put the entire \$1,000 on a 4-to-1 shot in the last race and went home with \$5,000. On another occasion he started out on a Saturday with a \$40 daily double, then won

continued



five of the next seven races betting on Bobby Ussery, who was his favorite jockey at the time. The following Monday he picked seven winners in nine races and went home with a two-day profit of \$22,000, which he gleefully spread over a bed to prove to his mother that book learning and a job on Wall Street are not everything in life.

"Of course I got tapped out lots of times, too," he admits. "But my mother always put me back in action. She loved the races as much as I did. And she was real cool, my mother, she never worried about me. It's a sad thing, but she died before I got good as a trainer. She would have got a big kick out of it." He cannot remember whether, on the day he piled the \$22,000 on the bed, he cut her in for part of the profits.

What turned Frankel from a hating man into a horseman, almost by sheer accident, was the universal desire of all horseplayers to get into the track for free. Through one of his grandstand friends he discovered that he could get a budge entitling him to free admission if he worked now and then around the barns in the morning as a hot walker. This is the lowest job on the racetrack, involving nothing more than leading a horse around after a workout until the animal has cooled out and can safely be returned to his stall. It requires no knowledge of horses at all, it can be performed, since the horse is tired and in no mood to act up, by any fourth grader, boy or girl.

Frankel viewed the job only as an open sesame to the racetrack turnstiles, but one summer, when the horses moved from the New York City tracks to Saratoga, a trainer for whom he worked happened to have three horses that were not ready to race. He left the three behind, with an exercise boy and a groom and Frankel in charge.

By his own admission, Frankel was ill-equipped for the job. "I didn't know what horses are or nothing," he says. "I didn't know whether they ate meat. In fact I was just there. The exercise boy and the groom did all the work."

It does not take long, however, to turn a tyro into a trainer, at least a trainer of sorts. Doing the job well may be a fine art, but the rudiments are simple. Once a person has discovered that racehorses eat three meals of oats a day plus a constant supply of hay, need new shoes about once a month and have to be ex-

ercised every morning, and has learned to put on a saddle, a bridle and a set of blinkers, he is well on his way to passing the examination for a trainer's license, which is by no means so rigorous as the bar exam. Nor is it difficult to find customers. There are always horse owners who are unhappy with their present trainer and eager to try a new one, especially if the new one will work cheap.

Soon Frankel had his trainer's license and his first client, an owner with three modestly talented horses, and started making his first visits to the winner's circle. He looks back on that period with a certain amount of disbelief. "Can you imagine it?" he says. "There I was winning races and I still didn't know nothing."

He started to learn the following winter when he had his modest string of horses in Maryland and happened to be stabled in the same barn as Buddy Jacobson, who was then winning more races than any other trainer in the East.

As Frankel recalls it, "Buddy had a lot of business in Florida that winter, and whenever he was gone he left me in charge of his horses. He'd call me up every day with instructions, and I started to get the feeling of how a good trainer does his job. I began to ask questions and he'd give me the answers. I learned a lot from Buddy. Of course, I'm a better trainer now than he was, but he was the fellow who taught me."

By the time he was 25, Frankel managed to be runner-up for leading trainer at one of the New York meets, the toughest place in the nation to make good. "I got beat by just one winner," he says, "and I haven't looked back since."

Like Buddy Jacobson before him, Frankel is a king of the claimers, specializing in the so-called claiming races for cheaper horses that make up the bulk of all races run in the U.S. To enter a claiming race, an owner has to put a price on his horse. For example, he can put the horse in a race for \$15,000 horses, in which case any other owner at the meet can claim the horse from him, buying it immediately after the race for that \$15,000 figure.

The claiming system is one of horse racing's great inventions, because it keeps horses of about the same ability running against each other. The owner with a horse worth about \$15,000 has three choices, only one of them attrac-

tive. He can almost certainly win a purse by running his horse in a \$10,000 race, but he will also surely lose the horse to another owner at a bargain price. He can keep the horse forever, never attracting a flicker of interest from other owners, by running the animal for \$20,000—but he will also never win. The only sensible thing to do is run the horse against his peers in the \$15,000 class, where he has a chance of winning but where other owners may not be quick to make a claim and where, if they do, he will get a fair price for the animal he loses.

To be a king of the claimers, a trainer must be a good handicapper, he must have the ability to spot horses that may have more ability than their present owners realize. Here Frankel's experience as a betting man comes into play. He has a knack of sensing when a young horse that has never shown much speed is just starting to come into his own, or when an older horse that once had a lot of class is about to make a comeback.

He has made some spectacular coups. He once claimed a horse named *Baitman*, seven years old at the time and presumably over the hill, for \$15,000 and within a year and a half won more than \$150,000 in purses with the elderly gentleman. Another of his \$15,000 claims was a horse named *Barometer*, who obliged by winning the prestigious Suburban Handicap in New York and \$175,000 in all.

Even a king of the claimers, of course, will make mistakes. For one thing, racehorses are fragile and most of them have physical problems of one kind or another. A horse may cool out so lame after the race in which he was claimed that he loses half his value overnight. Or he may never be able to run again. When a racing writer asked Frankel to name the worst claim he had ever made, Frankel said, "You've got to be kidding," meaning that his mistakes were too numerous and painful to recall.

Because claiming horses is risky, asking of the claimers needs an almost inexhaustible bankroll. Bobby Frankel has it. On the record, his chief owner is Mrs. Marion R. Frankel (no relation), for practical purposes it is her husband William Frankel, an over-the-counter stockbroker who likes the horses and has nerves of steel. William Frankel is the ideal owner for Bobby Frankel. When Trainer Frankel recommends claiming a

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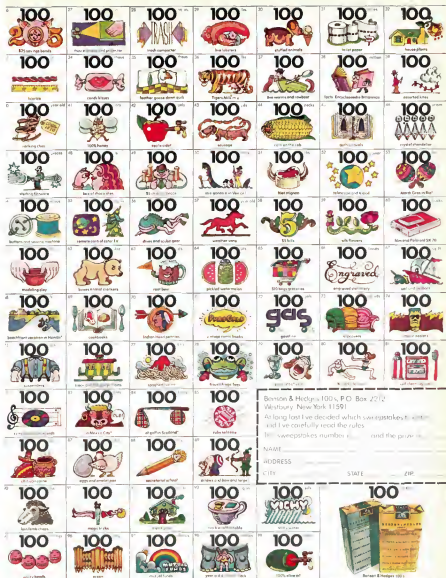
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horse for \$40,000, it never takes Owner Frankel more than two seconds to decide yes or no, and it is usually yes. If the claim turns sour, Owner Frankel cheerfully writes off the loss, figuring the law of averages requires the next one will do better. "I've never had a real bad year," says Owner Frankel, "and I've had some pretty profitable ones. When it comes to claiming horses, training them and running them where they can win, I rank Bobby with the best."

Other trainers do not like to have their horses claimed away, especially those for which they have future hopes. But Bobby Frankel will claim from anybody, any time he feels like it. One of his rivals says, "If you're struggling along with only two horses and Bobby likes one of them, he'll take it. He's a loser. He's not afraid to make an enemy." Frankel once did something that ranks as one of the outstanding cases of chutzpah in racing history. He wanted to claim a quarter horse but he did not have sufficient cash on deposit at the track, as the rules require. He asked the owner of the track to cash a \$10,000 check for him and then used the \$10,000 to claim the horse, which just happened to belong to that very man, the owner of the track. Frankel still cannot understand why the incident caused so much head shaking. "If the fellow owns horses and runs them in a claiming race he should expect it," he says.

Despite the hazardous nature of their business, racetrack people tend to be conservative. Most trainers hate to go out on a limb; they hesitate to put in a claim unless the horse they like is the favorite or near-favorite, indicating that a lot of people agree with them. Frankel could not care less. He has claimed horses that went off at 30 to 1.

Most trainers also worry about soundness; they like to take a careful look at the horse in the saddling paddock before making a claim, watching for any signs of a weak knee, ankle or tendon. Sometimes they even try to bribe the horse's groom to tip them to any hidden problems. Frankel never even bothers to look; if he likes the horse's record, he pays his money and takes his chances.

The chances can be rather fearsome. "After putting in that \$15,000 claim for Barometer I watched him in the walking ring before the race," Frankel recalls. "He had great big knees and he was walking wide [a telltale sign of soreness]. I

thought, my God, what did I do?" But a month's rest did wonders for those aching knees, and the claim turned out to be one of Frankel's best.

Frankel goes on the theory that most horses are unsound anyway. "I walked around my barn the other day looking at my 36 horses and trying to count the really sound ones," he said recently. "I counted up to one." He also goes by the law of averages. "If you take enough horses," he says, "you're going to get some bad ones and some good ones, and you just hope to get enough good ones so that your owners can have some fun and make a little money."

Over the years Frankel has had a lot of horses. "I've gone through six or seven hundred of them," he says. "That's a lot of experience; it's good for you. Especially since no two of them are ever alike." Some of them were claimed away from him. "If you don't lose no horses you're running them in the wrong spots," is his explanation. Others got too old or went lame and were retired.

A few of those 600 to 700 horses completely baffled Frankel. "I've got to admit," he says, "that there have been some real good horses that I couldn't do anything with." But most of them, without question, ran some of their finest races under Frankel's training. Over the years, Frankel has developed into as good a horseman as ever tightened a saddle girth. He is especially good at analyzing soreness; he has the ability to look at a horse, watch him walk to the racetrack and guess where he is hurting and why. He works closely with Dr. Jack Robbins and Dr. Joe Cannon, two of the best West Coast veterinarians, and is not afraid to spend money on treatment for his horses; his vet bills run about \$3,000 a month. He also works closely with his blacksmiths; he likes to see his horses' hooves trimmed down close and the bruises cut away. He is regarded as one of the best foot men in the business.

Getting a horse to the races as sound as possible is one part of a trainer's job; the other is getting him there physically fit to run his best. Toward this part of the job, which revolves around how often and how far to gallop or breeze the horse between races, Frankel has a strangely modest attitude.

"There's not just one way to train a horse," he says. "There's six or seven different ways. And who knows which one

continued

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FRANKEL *continued*

will work best? Especially since a horse is different from day to day. Ties has got to be the biggest guessing game ever invented, especially for this kind of breed."

Yet Frankel works hard at the guessing game. Sometimes, at the late afternoon feeding, he can be seen standing in front of a horse's stall for five or 10 minutes, just looking, thinking, trying to get some kind of ESP message on how far and how fast to breeze the horse next morning. Recently, after one of his horses came from way back to win a six-furlong sprint, he was strangely down in the dumps for the rest of the afternoon. "I didn't like the way the horse ran," he said. "He was too sluggish in the first part. I think I've been training him wrong. I must have breezed him too much or too fast. What a guessing game this is."

The oldtime trainers, working for breeding farms that could send them unlimited streams of young horses, usually drilled their horses hard and often. It is a master of racetrack legend that the late Jim Fitzsimmons once sent out a horse for a one-mile workout, decided that the work was too slow and told the exercise boy to work him another mile at a faster clip. Under this kind of regimen, a horse either proved to be very good and very durable or broke down in a hurry.

Frankel, with horses that mostly have to be patched up like old bicycle tires between races, takes the opposite approach. "If I trained the way Fitzsimmons did," he says, "I wouldn't have two horses left in my barn. What I try to do is bring a horse up to a race in some kind of peak of soundness and as fit as possible under the circumstances. You have to compromise. If you try to get the horse too fit, by working him a lot, he may never make it to the race at all."

"But that's where the guessing game comes in again. Nobody knows where the peaks are; every trainer has his own idea of how fit you can get a horse while still keeping him sound. You've just got to keep trying, and it isn't easy, especially when you're on top. Being a leading trainer is a lot of pressure, it's tough. And the hell of it is that even if you guess right, everything you do amounts to maybe half a length, that's about all. But one little mistake can cost you thousands of dollars. If anybody ever asks me my theory of training and I say I have any idea what's going on, that's the day I'll know I've lost my mind."

END

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		350/V8*	14	19
		350/V8**	14	18
	CUTLASS	250/L6	16	21
		260/V8	15	19
		350/V8	15	20
		455/V8	13	19
	CUTLASS WAGON	350/V8	14	18
		455/V8	13	18
	DELTA 88	350/V8	14	18
		455/V8	13	18
	OLDS 98	400/V8	11	15
		455/V8	12	16
	CUSTOM CRUISER	400/V8	11	15
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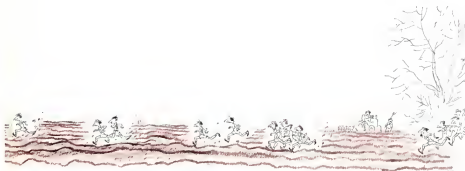
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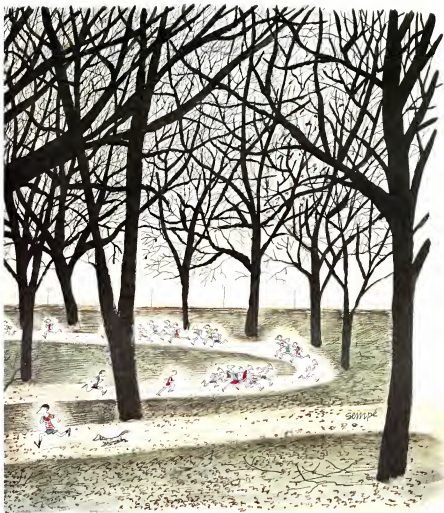
Sempé, whose drawings grace these pages, has the gift of seeing things simply and clearly, and the ability to present what he sees with great charm and humor, without malice or pretension. The result is delightful art and superb reporting: we know

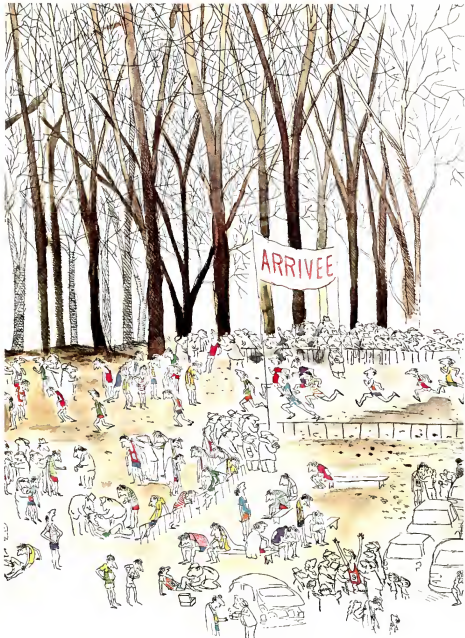
now what "le cross-country" is like in France. Sempé used to run, too, but, as he solemnly writes of himself, "The first year he was 59th of 62. The second year, 73rd of 75. The third year, 81st of 82. He then gave up running. One still wonders why."













SHARP JAB TO THE POCKETBOOK



EXCESSIVE PRICES LEFT MOST THEATER-TV SEATS VACANT

In London last week more than 50,000 fight fans turned out at 2:35 a.m. to watch the closed-circuit theater telecast of the Muhammad Ali-George Foreman fight from Zaire. After paying as much as \$50 per seat, the audience settled back to hear announcer Harry Carpenter's commentary. As the picture showed the ring in Kinshasa, the only voice in the crowd heard for a while was not Harry's but that of a reporter trying to reach his home office by overseas telephone: "Guy, do you read me?" the voice beseeched. "Do you read me, Guy? Please come in, Guy!"

Among the more than 50 million people around the world who saw the fight either on home television or in theaters, the most astonished viewer of all had to be John Walker of Harlingen, Texas. Walker was watching *M*A*S*H* when he idly spun the dial on his cable-equipped TV. Suddenly the fight popped onto his screen, somehow coming in from a station 150 miles away in Monterrey, Mexico.

Electronic oddities and heavyweight title fights always seem to go together, but the events in London, Harlingen and a goodly number of places in between indicated that the Ali-Foreman bout may have won the championship for international ineptitude and, perhaps, for avarice as well. As the English viewers found out, watching the fight was costly and the transmission was far from technically perfect. Conditions were no bet-

ter in the United States where the rip-off was rampant. Only Walker, and precious few others, had an opportunity to see the fight free, or even for a price that could be described as reasonable. Most Americans were asked to pay so much—in the New York area, for example, the cheapest seat cost \$20—that relatively few of them bothered to watch.

It is estimated that 1.9 million seats were available in U.S. theaters for the fight and that nearly two-thirds of them went

unoccupied. (By comparison the 1971 Ali-Joe Frazier bout pulled 80% of capacity.) "I was getting bad vibes about this one long before it was postponed because of that cut over Foreman's eye," says one exhibitor who had three outlets showing the match. "I'll probably make about \$30,000 out of it, but I think the promoters [Video Techniques] did a terrible job from the start. Maybe one of the reasons so many people stayed away is that they have grown accustomed to waiting a few weeks and then being able to see big fights on home television for nothing. There should be no home television of major fights like this for at least six months. The promoters should protect the people who paid such high prices in the theaters." Those who were smart enough, or patient enough, not to pay those top prices should be able to view the fight on free TV within a month on ABC.

Because of the substantial fees they paid just to acquire the rights to show the bout, and since it failed to bring in the expected crowds, there are a lot of other angry exhibitors. Theaters in low-income areas had very small audiences, for two reasons: 1) Foreman was such an overwhelming favorite that many blacks assumed their favorite, Ali, would be quickly dispatched, and 2) the prices.

Of the 400 exhibitors, none was as displeased as Leon Greenberg, the president of

Monticello (N.Y.) Raceway. Greenberg is a very shrewd, iconoclastic promoter. He is also a highly successful one. "Muhammad Ali is not only the greatest fighter I ever saw," says Greenberg. "He saved this fight from being a total disaster. If it were not for Ali's genius, Monticello Raceway would have lost a lot of money. The closed-circuit TV showing was the biggest rip-off in boxing history. It was a great fight, but only for the privileged few who could afford the high prices."

"I believe I am in a unique position to comment this way. Monticello Raceway did not lose money on this fight. And we charged the lowest prices in America—\$8, \$10, \$12—so I am not squeezing sour grapes. The promoters of the fight did a terrible disservice to the people of America, the people who are the strongest supporters of the fight game. They picked on Americans to gouge with closed-circuit pay TV. [Several prosperous countries, including West Germany and Japan, had the fight on free home TV.] Millions of Americans who wanted to see this fight were denied the opportunity by the promoters, who set an unrealistic price for the privilege. Unfortunately, the people who were least able to see it, American blacks, are the same people who idolize the heavyweight champion the most."

At most locations the picture came through with fair clarity, but the voices of the announcers were transmitted so poorly that they tended to go in one Zaire and out the other. Because the quality of the sound was so bad, many fans left their theaters in disgust before Ali's remarkable dressing-room interview. At one stage the cameras were on Ali as he started to drop his trunks, but that was the only time he was caught with his pants even a little way down. Otherwise, his was a triumphant and boisterous vaudeville, the likes of which seldom has been witnessed.

Ali has done a grand job of saving boxing from extinction during the past decade, and because he won in the fashion he did last week, he also has probably helped to save theater-TV for at least one more boxing extravaganza. But only if the prices go down as hard as Foreman did.

END

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There is an offensive lineman named Richard Nixon on the football team at Wake Forest University. "That," said a rooter, "should have told us something about the kind of season we were going to have."

The Deacons' season has been absolute hell. Going into Saturday's Atlantic Coast Conference game with Clemson, Wake Forest had lost all seven games played, some by stratospheric scores, e.g., Oklahoma 63, Wake Forest 0. As a matter of fact, Wake, as it is called on the Winston-Salem campus, had gone 22 straight quarters without scoring a single point.

Pep talks did not work. Before meeting Penn State, alumnus Arnold Palmer talked to the team. Wake lost 55-0. Prior to a game against Maryland in Washington (interestingly, Richard Nixon did not make the trip), the Wake players had a tour of the White House and a chins-up spel from President Ford (father of Michael, Wake Forest '72). The President recalled that he had played hard for a Michigan team that went 1-7 his senior year. Wake lost to Maryland anyway, 47-0. The week before last comedian Bill Cosby spoke to the squad. At least that game was not a laughter; Wake lost to Virginia, but only 14-0.

There was no pep talk Saturday before the Clemson game at Groves Stadium in Winston-Salem, N.C. Instead, Baptist Pastor L. H. Hollingsworth's invocation over the P.A. asked only that the Lord "guard against defeat so that it does not become a lifetime habit." An ex-chaplain at Wake, Dr. Hollingsworth is the author of a book, *God Goes to Football Games*. "If He does," went the wry word around campus, "He must be sitting on the other bench."

Wake did not win but, *mirabile dictu*, it did score—*twice*. In the second quarter Joe Bunch kicked a 28-yard field goal ending the shutout string launched on Sept. 14 against William & Mary. And then in the final quarter just about the whole Wake bench joyously poured into the end zone after sophomore Cornerback Ed McDonald intercepted a Clemson pass and ran 48 yards for a touchdown, making the final score Wake Forest 9, Clemson 21.

At this point one might ask, what is a nice Baptist school like Wake Forest doing going up against the likes of Okla-



Nothing seems to work, not even pep talks by President Ford, Arnold Palmer and Bill Cosby. The coach is trying Winston Churchill now

It's been one long wake

homa, Maryland, Penn State and, for that matter, Virginia and Clemson? The answer is that Wake has been caught in a three-way squeeze, at least for this year and maybe next. For one thing, Wake scheduled the nonconference powers back in 1965 when, as Dr. Gene Hooks, the athletic director and little ol' schedule maker, recalls, "Oklahoma was 3 and 7." For another, Wake is fielding mostly freshmen and sophomores this season because recruiting essentially did not occur for a couple of years. The trouble began right after the 1971 season when Coach Cal Stoll, who had guided Wake to the 1970 ACC championship, just couldn't pass up pleas to return to his alma mater, Minnesota. Assistant Coach Tom Harper replaced Stoll, but recruiting went by the boards, and that continued the next year when Harper was let go and a long search for a new head coach began.

At about the same time Harper went, the NCAA compounded Wake's troubles by lowering grade standards for athletic scholarships. Opponents were able to sign on players Wake Forest refused to consider for admission. Last year, for instance, there were an estimated 35 "quality" high school players in North Carolina. Only 14 met Wake's standards, and Wake counted itself fortunate to recruit five of them.

None of this has been lost on Coach

Chuck Mills, a winner at Utah State who was hired in 1973. He took the job at Wake because "there were mountains to climb." He might have had the Himalayas in mind. Historically, Wake's 244-357-31 record is the second worst of any "big-time" school (Kansas State's 264-388-38 is the worst). Wake students, administration and alumni realize Mills has a difficult job and have been supportive. The graduate school of management asked the coach to speak on the subject, *Coping with Failure*, and he did so with good grace. But Mills has lately taken to reading *Never Give In*, extracts of Winston Churchill's speeches.

If all this seems odd, it must be pointed out that Wake Forest University regards itself as a special kind of institution with a special kind of spirit. Now 139 years old, it has sought to live true to its motto, *Pro Humanitate*. As Wake struggled back from the ravages of the Civil War, one of its undergraduates began what is now the oldest college student-loan fund in the country, and in the 1920s Wake President William Louis Poteat, "Dr. Billy," a man of marked conscience and eloquence, not only taught the theory of evolution in the face of statewide disapproval, but earned his views before the Baptist State Convention, which gives the school support.

Plunked down on the outskirts of the attractive city of Winston-Salem, Wake

continued

Forest has a handsome campus. Plunked down is the right term; in 1956 the school moved the 110 miles from Wake Forest to Winston-Salem as the result of a grant from the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation. It has prospered in the new setting, with an endowment of almost \$50 million, a well-thought-of medical school and law school and an undergraduate college of only 3,000. Wake seeks to be, in Dr. Hooks' words, "a good academic school with a small enrollment and a big-time sports program." The golf team won the NCAA championship last spring, the basketball team is strong, and there is hope that even football will recover without any pressure-cooker atmosphere.

For all the disasters thus far this season, the players have not given up. They actually talk of winning their remaining games. Mills had been concerned that maybe, just maybe, the few seniors on the squad might ease up. No way. Senior Linebacker Dave Mebs, who leads the team in tackles and assists, says, "The seniors who are playing want to leave on a winning note. The morale is really good." Says 18-year-old freshman Mike McGlamery, who shares the quarterbacking with freshman Ron Everett, "We hang in there and do the best we can." And against Clemson there was crisp hitting and generally alert play. But inexperience, and anxiety, hurt in the form of fumbled snaps from center and off-side penalties. Maybe next week against Duke, or South Carolina the week after that, or against Furman in the closer, Wake will have its way. After all, as a quote from the late Brian Piccolo, another alumnus, printed on the back cover of Wake's football program says, "You can't quit. It's a league rule."

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

SOUTH The Alabama-Auburn game will not be a Southern-fried replay of Ohio State vs. Michigan after all. Florida saw to that by upsetting the unbeaten, fifth-ranked Tigers 25-14 before a record home crowd of 64,912.

Auburn's loss was every bit a team effort. When the offense fumbled for the first time this year inside the 50, the defense reciprocated by promptly allowing its first scoring

pass, a seven-yarder from Don Giffney to Lee McGriff. Fittingly, that touchdown put the Tigers behind—for the first time all season. "Florida," said Tiger linebacker Ken Bernich, "just out-physicaled us." This was especially apparent in the Gators' running attack, which picked up 363 yards. Jimmy DuBoise made 143 in 25 carries, and James Richeson and Robert Morgan ran for two short touchdowns. David Posey, meanwhile, kicked field goals of 47 and 40 yards. The defense held Auburn scoreless in the second half. "My greatest win ever as the Florida coach," Doug Dickey exulted afterward. The Gators, beaten only by Vanderbilt, would like to face Alabama in a bowl game.

The Tide remained a leading candidate for a major invitation by thrashing the best Mississippi State team in years 35-0. Another record crowd, this one 59,069, cheered every minute of Alabama's 33rd consecutive victory at Denny Stadium. The game also marked the return to action of Quarterback Richard Todd, who had missed the previous three wins. Todd completed four of nine passes for 92 yards and ran two yards for a touchdown.

Charlie McClendon notched his 100th coaching victory as LSU pounded Mississippi 24-0. It was the fifth straight loss for the Rebels, who have not suffered this kind of embarrassment since 1944. All three Tiger touchdowns, including two by Halfback Brad Davis, came within 10 minutes of the third and fourth quarters.

Kentucky's defense stalled Tulane with three interception returns for touchdowns in a 30-7 victory. Greg Woods, Tony Gray and Mike Siganos were the culprits. The offensive punch came from Sonny Collins, who scored the game's first touchdown on a 66-yard blast around left end. Kentucky managed only two first downs in the second half, prompting Tulane's Bennie Ellender to say, "I thought our defense played the best game in some respects that it had all year." Unfortunately, the offense was playing its worst, in all respects.

Houston and Georgia, a couple of teams on the upswing, collided in Athens and the Cougars swung even higher, 31-24. It was Houston's fifth straight win and the Bulldogs' first loss in four games, even though they outgained the visitors 413 yards to 362. "The game was critical for both teams," said Houston Coach Bill Yoeman, with an eye on his team's bowl chances. "That makes me know we did a good job." The Cougars jumped to a two-touchdown lead in the first six minutes, fell into a 14-14 tie, then went ahead to stay after recovering a fumble at the Georgia seven.

Florida State's losing streak reached 20 games with a 42-14 loss to Memphis State. The Seminoles fell out of contention just before the half when Steve Cacciola blocked a field goal and rumpled 78 yards for a TD.

In an Atlantic Coast Conference game North Carolina trimmed Virginia 24-10. The Tar Heels' shuffling tailbacks, Mike Voight and Boem Boom Bettenson, accounted for 239 yards, but the big play was a 44-yard touchdown pass from Chris Kupec to Jimmy Jerome. "Chris called that one at the line of scrimmage," Coach Bill Dooley said afterward. "We don't throw long much, but we'll do it anytime the defense tries to stack up against our tailbacks."

Duke and North Carolina State posted wins against independent opponents. The Blue Devils handed Georgia Tech its first shutout in 108 games, 9-0, and the Wolfpack defeated South Carolina 42-27. A key to Duke's victory was the booming punting of Bob Grupp, who averaged 44 yards on nine attempts. Stan Fritts gained 165 yards for N.C. State and scored two touchdowns. The Pack had lost its last two after six previous wins, while the Gamecocks had won two after five losses.

1. Alabama (8-0)
2. Florida (7-1) 3. Auburn (7-1)

WEST Chief second-guesser of the Southern California Trojans this year has been Coach John McKay. Ever since USC was upset in its season opener by Arkansas, he has been muttering that those seers who predicted a national championship might have been breathing too deeply in freeway traffic. This week El Trojan was lucky to tie California 15-15, and McKay was even more virilistic. "We stunk," he snapped hoarsely after Cal beat a 20-point spread. "We refused to play well. Cal deserved to win." The Golden Bears had, indeed, moved from their own 20 to the USC 17 in the last minute of play, but freshman Jim Breech's field-goal try from the 24 was off to the left with seven seconds remaining. How does this affect USC's Rose Bowl hopes? "We can't think in the future," McKay said. "We have no future. We are not as good as we thought we were."

If not forcibly restrained, UCLA and Washington will jump on each other at the drop of a referee's handkerchief. As evidence, some scores in recent years: UCLA 57, UW 14; UW 61, UCLA 20; and last year UCLA 62, UW 13. This explains why Washington Coach Jim Owens was calling time-outs in the final seconds, angling for yet another score with his Huskies leading 31-9. Sophomore Fullback Robin Earl rushed for 152 yards in 22 carries to help Washington dominate the game. "He has added about 20%; efficiency to our offense," Owens said happily. "He keeps the linebackers frozen and that opens up all the other phases of our game."

The Miners of Texas El Paso mucked out their first win after 17 consecutive losses to Arizona State by upsetting the Sun Devils

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

31-27. Arizona had been favored by as much as 42 points and had been proud of a defense that had allowed an average of just seven points per game. State lost five of six fumbles, two of which set up an early 16-7 UTTP lead on 31-, 25- and 51-yard field goals by Bronko Belchevsky. The Devils put together an 86-yard drive just before halftime, and fast Freddie Williams went 85 yards for another score immediately after the kickoff, but that led only to overconfidence, which was shattered when UTTP's Bob McKinley belted over following a pair of sustained fourth-quarter drives.

After scoring two touchdowns in the first eight minutes, North Texas held on to overthrow San Diego State 14-9. Dave Deaton's 26-yard interception return and Vance Jackson's 25-yard reception of a Ken Washington pass gave North Texas the game.

Back in the Pacific Eight, Stanford's Indians scalped Oregon State 17-13 to tie for the conference lead, and Washington State beat Oregon 21-16.

Arizona was idle while Colorado State edged Wyoming by the bizarre score of 11-6 on the strength of three field goals of 47, 47 and 44 yards by Clark Korbale and a safety forced by Middle Guard Loven Mulkias.

1. USC (5-1-0)

2. Arizona (5-2) 3. Arizona State (5-2)

SOUTHWEST

Texas scored its 33rd consecutive home-field victory, 35-15, by tattering Southern Methodist in a Southwest version of *Rocky Horror*. *Wash* Jacki Two of the game's first three scores came after mini-punts caused by the flag-snapping wind. The first, a 10-yarder by Texas, resulted in a 40-yard Mustang field goal. Then in the second quarter with the 30-minute gusts in its face, SMU got off a wind-blunted 14-yard punt that led to a Loughnigh TD. Texas Quarterback Marty Akins, running the triple option superbly, was the game's leading ground-gainer with 115 yards, and also completed a touchdown pass, while losing a little face. He needed five stitches in a badly cut upper lip; it cost him his mustache.

Rice won its first game of the season by upsetting Texas Tech 21-7 and knocking the Red Raiders out of SWC title competition. The Raiders should have been forewarned: Rice has won only 11 games in the last three years, and eight of those have been in November. Owl Coach Al Conover, known for his psych techniques, tried something new. "I said and did nothing," he reports. Apparently it was enough to spook his team to a win.

Baylor beat TCU 21-7 and still has a prayer of winning the conference championship. Steve Baird scored twice on runs of 12 and three yards, and Neal Jeffrey located

Split End Alcy Jackson with a 20-yard pass for another in sending the Frogs down to their seventh straight defeat.

1. Texas A&M (6-1)

2. Texas (6-2) 3. Houston (6-2)

MIDWEST

After Ohio State scored much-injured Illinois 49-7, the stadium's victory bell tolled 200 times, once for each of Coach Woody Hayes' career victories. And as the largest crowd in the horse-shoe's history (87,811) rose to applaud, the Buckeyes prevented Woody with a stained-glass window in which was formed the auspicious number. "There are not many people who can comprehend how good this Buckeye team is until they study him," Illinois Coach Bob Buckman said. "They had scored 15 of the first 21 times they had the ball coming into our game, and had averaged 52 points in four Big Ten games. After a while it becomes humorous—in a perversed way—watching Ohio State score." Woody saw it differently. "We sure started out to see how lousy we could be," he complained, although finally placated by a 644-yard offense, an Ohio State record.

"You have to play your best football game ever, the other team has to play way below the way it can, and the crowd has to make noise like crazy, even cheering the other team's mistakes," Indiana's Lee Corso said. He was explaining the Hoosiers' encompassing game plan for beating Michigan. Well, Indiana did all that was asked, and Michigan still won 21-7. But for the second time in three years the Wolverines barely escaped a trap. Michigan did not get its clinching touchdown until Gil Chapman skinned right side with 36 seconds remaining, and even then Indiana drove to the Wolverine 14 before the game ended. "Instead of assuming the other team is terrible, why not give them credit?" Michigan's Bo Schembechler said. "Indiana's offense is well conceived and it doesn't make mistakes."

Michigan State upset nationally ranked Wisconsin 28-21, forcing two second-half Badger fumbles to set up touchdowns. Linebacker Terry McTowry, who had already caused one of those fumbles, sewed up the game by intercepting a pass in Spartan territory with less than two minutes left. Earle scrambling Quarterback Charley Baggitt broke the 28-21 tie by capping a 65-yard march with a five-yard TD sweep.

Northwestern won its first victory at Minnesota in 12 years, 21-13, on Jimmy Pooler's two TDs and Jim Trumble's 151 yards rushing. Purdue smashed Iowa 38-14.

Coach Barry Switzer was running a 102° temperature at halftime, when his Sooners were holding a bare 7-0 margin over Iowa State. But by game's end Switzer's thermometer had needed to a more comfortable 100° with a 28-10 win. The Sooners, all in a fe-

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continues*

ver to get out of the halftime locker room before Switzer could bite them, swallowed two Cyclone fumbles in the first two minutes of the second half and were on the way to recovery as they converted both into touchdowns.

Nebraska beat Colorado 31-15 for the seventh straight time. The Buffs last won at home in 1960. Although Buffalo Quarterback Dave Williams outpassed Dave Humm, 171 yards to 165, Humm set up most of the Cornhusker touchdowns. He hit four of four, including two critical third-down completions, in Nebraska's first-quarter touchdown drive. But, said Colorado Fullback Terry Kunz, "Nebraska is a good ball club. Oklahoma is an awesome ball club."

Oklahoma State Free Safety Darnell Meyers recovered two fumbles in the third quarter to preserve a 24-13 win over Kansas. Meyers' first recovery initiated a 74-yard drive that ended in Skip Taylor's end-run TD, and his second halted a 63-yard Jayhawk march.

Missouri Tailback Tony Gubbreath, a late starter in the Tiger lineup, rushed 194 yards and accounted for two touchdowns (and caught three passes) to lead Mizzou to a 52-15 roasting of Kansas State.

Miami of Ohio clinched at least a tie for the Mid-American title by walloping Western Michigan 31-0. The 16th-ranked Redskins now have a 20-game unbeaten streak. Quarterback Sherman Smith led the way with two touchdowns, including a 55-yard romp around right end. Toledo kept its title hopes alive by dissipating Northern Illinois in a field-obscuring fog 44-14.

1. Ohio State (8-0)

2. Oklahoma (7-0) 3. Michigan (8-0)

EAST

Defensive Back Jeff Hite, who had been benched for two games, came back with two remarkable steals that gave Penn State a 24-17 victory over Maryland. First, Hite went 79 yards on an interception after anticipating a pass to the man in motion. Then he stepped between two Maryland backs to pick off a lateral on a kickoff return and went 21 yards to a touchdown. It was a wild game all around, especially the second quarter. Maryland Quarterback Bob Avellini opened that period by drilling a 34-yard touchdown pass to Walter White to tie the game 7-7. Then with just over four minutes remaining, Penn State opened up a 25-second burst of scoring when Quarterback Thoon Shuman connected with Dick Barvinchak. On the ensuing kickoff, Hite stole the lateral, after which Avellini rejoined by locating White again with a 66-yard scoring pass on the first play from scrimmage.

Navy appeared headed for its second huge upset in another dismal service-academy season by leading stupendously favored Notre Dame 6-0 going into the fourth quarter at Philadelphia. Kickers Steve Dykes and John

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Stufflebeem had put Navy in that position—Dykes with 48- and 37-yard field goals and Stufflebeem with a 48-yard average on 11 punts, including one of 68 yards. Irish Quarterback Tom Clements hit only five of 22 passes for a mere 59 yards, but he finally clicked to Pete Demmerle, who made a diving grab in the end zone in the fourth quarter, and Randy Harrison put it away with a 41-yard interception. "It's a win," Ara Parseghian said. "That's all that counts."

Temple whooo-oo? Cincinnati beat the 19th-ranked Owls 22-20 in the last 10 seconds to break a 14-game winning streak, second longest in the country. Dan Shepherd's third field goal of the contest, a 25-yarder, overcame a touchdown march that Temple put together in the last couple of minutes for a 20-19 lead. Owl field general Steve Joachim passed for 243 yards, but Cincinnati snared four interceptions and recovered three fumbles. Cincy Fullback Jay Bonds came through with a pair of touchdown dives.

Pitt won a chance for a very late Thanks-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Ohio State's Archie Griffin gained an NCAA record 160 or more yards for the 18th consecutive game. Against Illinois the 5' 30" back had 144 and two touchdowns, despite leaving the game in the third quarter.

DEFENSE: Mike Smith of Florida, a 6' 4" 230-pound defensive end, dumped Auburn's quarterback three times and accounted for a total of nine enmeshed tackles plus four sacks, adding the Gators in their 23-14 upset victory.

giving dinner by holding off Syracuse 21-13. Ramormongers have it that ABC-TV is considering asking Pitt and Penn State to reschedule their Nov. 23 game to Thanksgiving night if fan interest is high enough. But once-astad Syracuse—now willing to gamble on fourth-down fake punts, pincushion reverses and half back poses—nearly kept the turkey on schedule.

Harvard stomped all over undefeated Penn 39-0 in a game that had been rated even before the kickoff. A rugged Crimson defense kept the supposedly explosive Quakers scoreless for the first time since 1971 as fortuitously named Halfback Tom Winn led a Harvard assault that collected 468 yards in total offense.

Yale, also undefeated, barely squeaked past Dartmouth 14-9. Brown beat Princeton 17-13 at home for the first time in 20 years and Cornell downed Columbia 24-0.

1. Penn State (7-1)
2. Pittsburgh (6-2) 3. Temple (6-1)

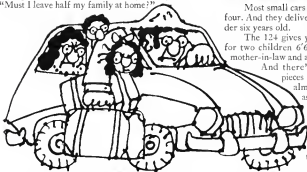
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And there's room in the trunk for 7 pieces of luggage. In fact, there's almost twice as much trunk space as a VW.

The strongest feature of the 124, however, is the way it handles.

It has excellent acceleration, and it'll cruise faster than you'd normally care to go.

It corners flat and its steering is very precise. And unlike the average small car, it sits solidly on the road.

If you prefer not to rough it, you can get the 124 with automatic transmission and air conditioning.

In all, the Fiat 124 gives you something hard to find in a small car: more mileage without less everything else.

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*Automotive News Almanac 1979.

The Bills show the Pats how it's done

The pattern has been the same for both these surprising young teams: draft the No. 1 college player, sign a sharp, smart coach, start to win big. But Buffalo has about a year's head start, and it showed last Sunday

It may have seemed more appropriate for Halloween, but last Sunday two unlikely urchins, the New England Patriots and the Buffalo Bills, dressed up as co-leaders and played a game for first place in the AFC East, once thought to be solely the province of the Miami Dolphins. Buffalo was a shade more convincing in the role, 29 to 28 to be numerical about it.

In the long run the Patriots were undone by the type of daring that has carried them so far this season. They forced three Buffalo turnovers in the second quarter and threatened to turn the game into a rout, since the third one came with the Patriots leading 21-12. Linebacker Sam Hunt had intercepted a Joe Ferguson pass and returned it 27 yards to the Buffalo 15. A field goal would have sent the Pats into the dressing room with an imposing 12-point lead, but Patriot Quarterback Jim Plunkett pressed

for a touchdown and went to the air. On third and 10 his pass over the middle was intercepted by Linebacker Merv Krakau, who ran it out to the Bills' 42.

Now it was Buffalo's turn to be daring. There was still 1:10 remaining in the half. Ferguson's previous two passes had been intercepted, but Coach Lou Saban called for another one. Ferguson hit Ahmad Rashad on the right sideline for 20, again on the left sideline for 10, then threw down the middle to J. D. Hill for 27 more to the Patriots' one-yard line. Four from there, with 42 seconds left, O. J. Simpson carried for the touchdown to cut New England's lead to 21-19 at the half. It was a different ball game after that.

It would be unfair to say that New England never had another chance, but Buffalo did seem to be the master after the intermission. The Bills moved quickly to a 26-21 lead when New England,

continuing to gamble, passed on fourth and three at the Buffalo 33. Linebacker Dave Washington intercepted Plunkett's short toss over the middle, outran the Patriots to the sideline and turned the corner to go 72 yards for the touchdown.

The Patriots scrambled back into the lead on their next possession but needed considerable help from the Bills, getting two first downs and an extra play inside the Buffalo five on Buffalo penalties. Then Mack Herron, who had scored twice in the first half on long pass plays, finally swept in from the two on a fourth-down play.

Buffalo's winning points came on a 47-yard field goal by John Leybold on the first play of the fourth quarter. After that, New England had one late chance when Linebacker George Webster pulled the ball loose from O. J. Simpson to end a time-consuming drive that had

continued

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taken the Bills to the Patriot 19-yard line. Safety Jack Malden recovered and New England moved downfield, ultimately to a fourth and two at the Buffalo 29, with 56 seconds remaining.

There the Patriots stopped gambling and called on John Smith, a left-footed placekicking import from England. A high snap allowed Buffalo's Jeff Yeates just enough time to get his hand up and deflect the ball, and the Bills were all alone in first place.

It was a well-earned victory. Buffalo had to throw much more than it had intended to. In the Bills' earlier win over the Pats by the similar score of 30-28, the two defeats, by a total of three points, are the Patriots' only losses this season—Buffalo gained 180 yards on the ground against New England's much talked-about 3-4 defense. This time Patriot Coach Chuck Fairbanks jammed the line of scrimmage with his linebackers, two of whom were seemingly assigned to shadow Buffalo's running backs. But this tactic meant that New England could not double-team Buffalo's exceptional wide receivers, Hill and Rashad, as they had previously, so Saban ordered a lot of play-action passes, with flukes into the line to freeze the linebackers before throwing.

Despite his shaky second quarter, Ferguson's overall performance was superior. He took particular advantage of Rashad, who caught seven passes for 110 yards and a touchdown in the first half. The Bills acquired Rashad, who pronounces his first name Ahk-moh, in an off-season trade with St. Louis for Quarterback Dennis Shaw. While he was with the Cardinals, Rashad not only dropped his former name, Bobby Moore, but also many of the passes thrown his way. Bad eyesight was the excuse. He tried glasses, but in cold weather they fogged up or became icy. He would cup them in his hands in the huddle to melt the ice. He tried hard contact lenses. He tried soft contact lenses. Then, in Buffalo, he found what seems to be the ultimate solution. "Now I just squint a lot," he says. "It helps my concentration. In night games I see rings around the ball, but in daylight I can see it pretty clear. Once I tune into it, I got it." Rashad still has to wear glasses to drive himself home after a game.

New England, of course, was not supposed to be playing for first place in any league at this stage of the season.

Its astonishing success and the show-down with Buffalo produced a weeklong madness in Boston, which emphasizes with its professional teams as no other city does. The Patriots perennially have been poor cousins to the Bruins, the Celtics and the Red Sox. This year they are overshadowing those teams and just about every other cynosure in town. For the first time in their history the Patriots are producing a land-office business for that not so proper Bostonian, the scalper. Politicians, always adept at jumping on bandwagons, arranged to have hundreds of loyal party workers lined up last Sunday on the roads leading to Schaefer Stadium with vota-ron signs. Inevitably, Governor Francis Sargent of Massachusetts wagered two pots of beans and a cod against New York Governor Malcolm Wilson's four bushels of apples.

Yet the Patriots' 6-2 record was not so surprising to those who set store by the lessons of history—history as written by the Buffalo Bills. Not too many years ago both teams lay bottom. Buffalo had the worst record in football in 1968, won the right to choose O. J. Simpson in the draft and in time began to revive. New England was the worst team in 1970, and chose Jim Plunkett.

It also takes good coaching to turn a disastrous situation around. Buffalo rehired Saban two years ago, and New England followed last year with Fairbanks. When Saban arrived in Buffalo, Simpson had had three so-so years that yielded little more than a steamship ticket to Africa, courtesy of a dissatisfied fan. But the new coach built his offense around the star running back and O. J. responded by leading the league in rushing. The year before Fairbanks took over in New England, Plunkett was the lowest-rated quarterback in pro football and had to undergo surgery on his left knee. Last year he led the AFC in passing yardage.

Saban won four games and tied one his first year. Fairbanks won five in his first. Buffalo made great advances in Saban's second season. The Patriots are doing the same this year. The 1973 Bills had a huge turnover in personnel and ended up with seven new starters on defense. The team's average age was only 24.3. This season the Patriots took a look at 147 football players. Fairbanks has eight new starters on defense, and the average age of his team is 24.9.

Eleven of the current Bills preceded Saban. Only 11 of Fairbanks' players were with the team when he arrived. It may not be carrying the analogy too far to suggest that while the Bills are true play-off contenders, the Patriots are one year away.

Saban's success stems in large part from perceptive handling of his personnel, a perfect example being the job he has done with Ferguson. Ferguson was a likely Heisman Trophy candidate after his junior year at Arkansas in 1971, but a new backfield coach there and a new system in his final season took care of that. "I wasn't sure then that I wanted to play football again," he says. But when the Bills drafted him in the third round he decided to "find out if I could play."

Saban immediately handed him the starting job but kept a tight rein on him in 1973 by calling all the plays. "Coach Saban really got it into me that I could play," Ferguson says now, "and having O. J. helped, too. If he hadn't been here last year, it might have been a whole different story. He took a lot of pressure off me and gave me time to gain confidence."

Ferguson threw the ball only 164 times last season and, along with Norm Sneed, was the lowest-ranked quarterback in football. This year Saban is still calling the plays but he has shown confidence in the young quarterback by letting him throw more, and Ferguson is second in the league in passing. On Sunday, Saban never lost that faith, even in the almost rainous second quarter, and it paid off. For the day Ferguson completed 15 of 23 passes for 242 yards and a touchdown.

"We have to take some of the pressure off O. J. now," says Ferguson, happy to repay the debt. "Wherever he goes the linebackers go. If he ran 10 yards out of bounds without the football, they'd go with him."

Simpson, who gained 74 yards in 19 games against the Patriots, does not mind the attention. Like all the Bills, he can taste the playoffs. "I've had all the individual things," he said recently. "I've gained 2,000 yards, I've been Player of the Year, I've made the Pro Bowl and the All-Pro team. But I haven't won. That is, I haven't won enough to get into the playoffs and the Super Bowl. That's what I want now. One of these rings with all the diamonds." **END**

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Men with a yen for the fences

It was Mr. A over Mr. Oh in the great Japanese home-run-hitting contest

Against the improbable background of New York Met wives chanting, "Let's go, Hank," Henry Aaron swung his mighty Ed Krane pool bat at a very fat batting-practice pitch and sent it soaring into the left-field bleachers of Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium. Thus did Bad Henry complete a short day's work for \$50,000 last week. He turned away with a pleased smile and walked off a baseball field wearing, for perhaps the last time, the Braves' uniform that he has fitted so nobly these past 21 years.

When next you see Henry Aaron swing a bat, it will be for the strange Milwaukee Brewers, in the strange American League, but in not-so-strange Milwaukee County Stadium. It was there, in 1954, that a lean 20-year-old kid broke into the major leagues with a team called the Milwaukee Braves, originally from Boston and destined for Atlanta. In the course of things Henry Aaron was to hit 733 home runs and announce his retirement as an active player, effective at the end of the 1974 season.

"I had no intention of playing again," he said in Tokyo, fondling a bat in the confines of clubhouse built for smaller Oriental batters. "I'm sincere about that. I intended to move into the front office of the Braves. I was wrong. Life changes."

One of life's little changes had brought him to Japan for a home-run hitting contest of international proportions. Sadaharu Oh, the Babe Ruth of Japan, would cross bats with Aaron, the Babe Ruth of America.

This momentous challenge had been arranged, not through the state departments of the United States and Japan, but through the offices of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and Baseball Commissioner Nobumasa Ohama, but through a much stronger force, CBS Television, Frank Chirkinian, executive producer. Chirkinian offered \$50,000 to Aaron, 6 million yen (\$20,000) to Oh and a silver bowl to the winner.

Conveniently, the Mets were in Japan for an 18-game goodwill tour—goodwill deriving from their winning just one of the first six games. The home-run contest would be taped as a preliminary to Saturday's game between the Mets and a Japanese all-star team, for showing later that day on CBS.

The principals had their pregame meeting in a special room in Korakuen Stadium. You could tell it was a special room, because on the door were the words *specia room*. Inside, Frank Chirkinian was briefing Hank Aaron.

"We'll open with you wishing him good luck," Chirkinian said to Henry. Then, to anybody, "How do you say good luck?"

"Gom-bah-tay," somebody said.

"Hai, gambatte," said Sadaharu Oh, smiling broadly.

Chirkinian kidded Aaron. "You think you can do that without a cue card?"

"Gom-bah-tay," said Aaron, confidently.

Aaron was cool. Just how significant he considered the contest could be deduced from the fact that he had brought no bats across the Pacific with him. In the morning he had taken 10 minutes of preliminary batting practice, using two of Oh's bats and cracking one. Then he borrowed one of Krane pool's 220-A Adirondack Bat Company models. It is an ounce lighter and half an inch longer than Aaron's 34-ounce, 35-inch personalized bat, but "the handle feels good," said Henry. To a ballplayer, grip comfort is important.

The next item was the selection of pitchers. Met Coaches Rube Walker and Joe Pignatano split the warmup pitching to Aaron, and Henry decided that Pignatano's delivery, more overhanded, was better suited to the background. Mr. Oh, a lefty hitter, loyally stayed with Kin-yasu Mine, regular right-handed batting-practice pitcher for the Yomiuri Giants.

In his 16 seasons with the Giants, Oh has hit 634 home runs. Oh is 34 and intends playing six more seasons. He has been averaging well over 40 home runs a year. It does not take a computer to figure that by 1980 he could soar past Aaron's ultimate total. What then? Is the world to recognize Sadaharu Oh as the greatest home-run hitter who ever lived? Would Henry Aaron then be willing to concede the point?

Not on your *teriyaki*. "That would be totally unfounded," said Aaron, when asked the hypothetical question. "I don't think there's any comparison with the home runs he hits here and the ones I hit in the States."

The ball parks in Japan are smaller, the fences shorter. At Korakuen Stadium, the big one, it is 90 meters down each line, 292.5 feet. On the other hand, the regular season is only 130 games, compared to 162 in the States. Additionally, Oh is walked 150 to 160 times a year, mostly intentionally, so he has about half as many at bats as Aaron.

If all this sounds reminiscent of the Aaron-Ruth controversy that raged around Henry's assault on the Babe's total, that's not the half of the irony. Sadaharu Oh's father came from China (Chinese were brought to Japan a generation ago to do the manual work.) So, really, it has been an ordeal for Oh to establish his greatness. It must amuse Henry Aaron when he recalls the reluctance



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tance of Ruthophiles to accept a black man as the new home-run king.

Saduharu Oh is the reincarnation of Mel Ott with high cheekbones. He cocks his front leg in an exaggerated lift as the pitcher releases the ball. He is not big (5'10", 174 pounds) but is powerful, and he has a magnificently fluid home-run stroke. He won the toss and was first up. The format had been agreed upon: each man would hit 20 fair balls, alternating in five-swing segments.

Oh drove three of his first five balls high and far into the seats in right, and some 50,000 fans cheered, and some 50,000 cameras clicked.

Now it was Henry's turn. The stadium grew respectfully quiet. Aaron drove Pignatano's first serve deep into the left bleachers. "Ho, ho," ho-hoed Tom Seaver, delighted. The fans oooooohed respectfully. Next came a single, then a second homer, a line drive, another single, a pop-up. At the end of the first, Saduharu Oh led 3-2.

Now there was doubt among the Mets, and among the Met wives, seated in a chauvinistic bloc behind the dugout. Could Henry lose? After all, he was out of shape. It had been a month since his season ended. Oh had been playing right along. He was keyed. He had timing. Timing is everything in hitting.

In the second round, Oh blasted three more homers, one of them booming off the back wall, 30 rows beyond the fence. It was 6-2 as Henry came up for his second five swings. Five drives later it was 6-6. With a championship burst, Aaron had boomed four homers and just missed a fifth, a drive that bounced on one hop against the fence.

The tide swung to Aaron in the third. Oh, feeling the pressure, hit only one homer, on his first swing. Then the bat grew heavy in his hands and he topped four straight pitches. There was a rumbling of discontent in the stands.

"The gamblers are getting nervous up there," said Jack Aker to Tom Seaver. "A lot of yen are riding on this."

Aaron tied it 7-7 with his second swing, moved ahead 8-7 with a cheapie that tantalizingly dropped into the first row, then boomed one halfway up the bleachers to take command, 9-7, with five shots left to each man.

Then came the inevitable controversy. Oh's first swing in the final segment sent a liner into the first row, making it 9-8. His next was a towering fly down the right

continued

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BASEBALL *continued*

line. It came down, quite clearly, some five, six feet foul.

"Fair ball," said the motion of the Japanese umpire in the right corner.

"Foul ball," motioned Chris Pelekoudas, the National League ump working the plate. A tentative run was flashed on the electric scoreboard in center.

"Mr. Oh," said Pelekoudas respectfully, "that ball was foul."

"Yes, it was foul," said Sadaharu Oh, who speaks some English and is fluent in class. Whereupon Pelekoudas, waving both hands vehemently overhead, signaled foul ball. The scoreboard reverted to 9-8, and the action resumed.

Oh was to hit one more homer in his remaining tries, bringing up Aaron with the score 9-9 and five shots at getting one home run to win.

"Let's go, Hank," screamed the Mets' female auxiliary. "I never thought I'd hear my wife pulling for Henry," said Jerry Kosman. Aaron drove one deep to left, just short of the fence. The next was a ground-out to short. Then came a beauty, a mighty drive, far enough, obviously, but close to the line.

"Stay fair," said a Met. It did, and Aaron turned, smiling, satisfied, and walked away. The fans applauded respectfully. Reluctantly. Damsyunkes. Don't they ever lose?

In the clubhouse Henry Aaron looked ahead. "It should be settled soon," he said. "My attorney is talking with the Brewers today, I think. I hear that the Braves have asked for Dave May for me and are getting him.

"Like I told you, I made my statement about retiring because I was thinking I'd be with the Braves for the rest of my life."

He shrugged. "I found out what I guess I should have known all along," he said. "There's no sentiment. It's all business. You better believe it."

Within hours the Brewer deal was closed—Aaron for May and a minor-leaguer to be named later. Obviously the Braves had made Aaron a front-office proposition far short of his expectations. Now, it is believed, he will become general manager of the Brewers, or the equivalent, after he plays for them one year. He is purchasing the job from Owner Bud Selig with one more season of sweat and aching 41-year-old muscle.

Aaron went back to the Hotel Okura and rested. He looked at his newest trophy, and something caught his eye. His name was misspelled. Arron, it said. **END**

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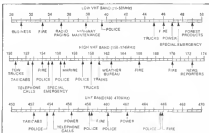


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THE BUG

Once, like gout, it afflicted only the rich, but today tennis fever is epidemic. And it will sneak up on you, too, if you don't watch out

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Twenty-one million Americans, drawn like fruit flies to a vast ripening, now play tennis at one level of incompetence or another. This national mania is not without value. Golf courses are no longer as crowded, for one thing, and there aren't as many drunks driving home after a match. Unlike golf, tennis has no par to alert man to his inferiority. He can reach new depths without the need of a 19th-hole elixir to ease the pain. A swig of Gatorade will usually do it.

One result of the boom is that tennis tradition and

continued



TENNIS BUG continued

etiquette are being trampled on daily as public courts bubble over with beginners and gaudy new tennis clubs with sauna baths and inflationary fees spring up like snapdragons. But this is not so objectionable when you consider that participation is the middle name of the game, and that otherwise unemployed divorcees and retired Army officers are now able to pad their savings accounts by becoming "pros" to the eager masses. At slightly cut rate, they teach the rudiments of the game to housewives, career girls and chubby account executives no longer embarrassed by their impenetrable awkwardness.

Awkward tennis players are, in fact, the rule. In Atlanta, a 56-year-old former baseball player who took up tennis five years ago gets \$14 an hour teaching recruits how to hit with a baseball grip. A pragmatist, he does not waste time having them change from forehand to backhand. One facet of the tennis boom is that it has the power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see.

Believers now credit the game with benefits that run the gamut from shaping up the out-of-shape to resolving family and community slumps; getting wives out of the backgammon ruck and children off Gilligan's Island; being the bane of lethargy and the great social tonic of suburbia. In one Connecticut town a nuclear executive named McCormack and a former member of the French Underground named Martin, now an inventor-

entrepreneur, have given up golf and soccer, respectively, to converge on tennis. They rearrange their international flight plans in order to make Monday, Wednesday and Sunday doubles matches.

Politicians and movie stars struck by the game regularly allow themselves to be shown up in celebrity tournaments on television. Bill Cosby's advance from a rank to a competent amateur player has been followed almost weekly by millions watching such events. Most of the stars, however, still play like Glen Campbell, and do not seem to mind.

Out of this phenomenon of American awareness some justice has also been served. For example, the Coral Oaks Tennis Club, where I sometimes play in Miami, is owned and run by a lemony little one-time park pro named Leo Fullwood, whose specialty is the teaching of spin. Leo labored on the public and private courts of Dade County for 28 years, suffering the erratic backhands of his pupils and ennui from the Florida sun that turned his skin to cork. He then scraped together \$1,000 and began to build—a bucket of clay at a time—his dream club.

That was five years ago. Recently, Leo turned down \$700,000 for Coral Oaks. He says he will not consider selling until the offers begin at a million. Leo vacations in Australia and seldom has time to teach anymore.

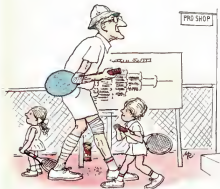
Growing five times faster than golf, tennis is, indisputably, the passion sport of the '70s. According to a Harris sur-

vey, it is now preferred over golf as both a sport to play and to watch. Televised tournaments have multiplied from three a year to three a month. A hundred thousand adults spend at least a week of their vacation time at one of the nation's 200 tennis camps, where their game gets bulled up to size by a name pro (Laver, King, et al.) at up to \$500 per week. This summer the U.S. Post Office released as a collector's item a 10-cent envelope embossed with a racket and ball to commemorate tennis' centennial year.

As booms go, the bowling miniboom of the 1950s and the golf boom that is just now peaking out produced none of the sustained family-wide enthusiasm tennis has. The tide seems irreversible—it could, by one marketer's estimate, be 10 years before manufacturers catch up with the demand for rackets and balls, the bare essentials. No pen-shot criticism will turn this around, and should not. Those who question the game's obvious good health would see a walk on the beach as an invitation to feed the sand fleas, and should be dismissed as lunatics.

At the risk of adding balance to this report, however, a few bites should be acknowledged. The costs, for one, might strike a discerning beachcomber as already out to sea. Tennis' proletarian appeal as a low-budget game, which accompanied its successful break from country-club snobism, is jeopardized now by soaring court-time prices and lesson fees.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RINGS



It is conceivable today that a man or woman could spend thousands of dollars to taste the wine of that first crisp serve. (Gardnar Mulloy asks \$50 an hour at the Fontainebleau on Miami Beach, clearly on the assumption that anyone who wants a lesson *that* bad deserves it.)

Moreover, when he slips into his \$26 Head double-knit shorts and \$28 Adidas shoes, and she into her \$75 Ginoi ballerina knit with matching sweater (lace, panties optional), and they pack their \$50 Gucci tennis bag to go swat a few fuchsia-colored \$4-a-can Penn tennis balls with their \$145 Chemold graphite rackets, the tennis couple will have made a staggering contribution to style as well as commerce. Style, alas, is one of the larger amplifiers of the boom.

Other worms in this particular apple do not stand out so boldly. For the workaday tennis professional there are some subtle financial traps. It is one thing to be an enthusiastic capitalist—a pro in Phoenix named Martinez recently changed his name to Martennis when he realized how sweet it was to be alive and teaching the game in 1974—but quite another to sell the matching headbands, heat balms and ball hoppers the trade journals exhort him to. The stockpiles in pro shops grow to the ceilings, resulting in more than a few pros waking up with a \$50,000 inventory and a \$5,000 clientele. One Western sportswear salesman estimates there are 25,000 tennis dresses for every woman player in his area.

More alarming is the exploitation of the group lesson, a heretofore honest attempt by teaching pros to provide the fundamentals to beginners and children at a reasonable cost. In some large metropolitan areas the group lesson is fast becoming a group hustle. A pro who may or may not have been the fifth man on his high school team signs up 100 kids, promising a mass transfusion of technique. For \$10 a series, the pupil gets to hit maybe five balls, a weekly lesson. He learns what you would expect him to learn hitting five balls a week. This is also known as "baby-sitting" by some pros.

Meanwhile, those who have already wearied of the crowded cockpits at public parks and clubs and have the money to do it, can, in a walk through the Yellow Pages, find any number of paving contractors willing to charge \$20,000 and up to lay down a Har-Tru backyard court complete with windscreens and lights. An

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TENNIS BUG continued

estimated 100,000 of these private oases now grace the suburbs from Simsbury, Conn. to Santa Barbara, Calif. There are, however, no guarantees of playing time. Owners sometimes have to beat off the neighbors' kids at 7 a.m. to get on. I know of one man who had his net slashed for discriminating against some teen-age strangers who tried to commandeer his court for a quick game or two. Furthermore, when a court owner turns on the lights for a night match, the neighbors are liable to turn up with the cops. One successful injunction that blacked out a court in Colorado argued that it looked like a used car lot.

To be sure, these are growing pains and not necessarily chronic, but to a tennis purist anything resembling permanent damage is suspect, and easily the most terrifying aspect of the tennis boom to him are the blows to the game's protocol—the creeping anarchy on the courts. World Team Tennis, which not only allows boorish behavior but advertises it in an effort to reproduce Ebbe Field, receives some of the blame for this, but is innocent. The WTT is merely trying to cover up basic flaws in its format. The WTT is not in the least responsible for the colorful behavior of the new breed of implacable rule-breakers and bad sports who can be found every day on private and public courts, dressed in cut-off jeans and striped beach shirts, and conventional whies as well, and making good progress toward converting tennis into a blood sport. Interestingly enough, much of this behavior is not manmade.

I have a neighbor, an otherwise rational mother of two, who annually submits to the lobotomy of being on the Women's B Team at a nearby yacht and tennis club. Her bottom lip trembles as she tells of her regular encounters with the backbiters, undercutters, character assassins and cheats who make up the various squads at her club. Last season two of these ladies had a fistfight on the court over a line call. The club pro, a man of immense tact and cold feet, will not touch the women's affairs with a 10-foot pole.

When the B Team reassembled this year, my neighbor, who had been having trouble with her back, was phoned by the team captain—a longtime friend whom she had introduced to the game and used to hit balls to by the hour—and told she had been put on injury waivers. "You can't be on the team," my

neighbor was told. She said that after the initial shock she was more relieved than heartbroken. She vowed to spend more time with her bromeliads.

In the interest of putting these various parts of the tennis boom into a workable perspective, to tie them together for scrutiny and understanding, as one might reconstruct a colossus from the cut pieces in a meat case, an editor in New York who shares my infatuation for the game suggested we isolate on one particularly smitten area, go and give it the cool, appraising eye of the historian. A "tennis town," he said, where the game had burgeoned. "Take your racket," he said.

Denver, says Cliff Buchholz, the tennis pro and club developer, was ripe for a tennis jag because "it is a young, active, moneyed population that enjoys its leisure time." There are almost as many tennis programs in Denver as there are tennis courts. Under a variety of banners, citizens stage clinics, hold tournaments for all ages, take the game to the underprivileged and occupy every court in town almost around the clock.

There are 112 public courts in Denver, twice what there were five years ago and about half what is now needed. At City Park, Berkeley Park, Congress Park and Washington Park, the supply was roused by the demand. Tempers flared collectively. Management Consultant Leo Hagele, himself a shut-out at one time or another, formed a "Tennis Action Group," called "TAG," to act as a cattle prod for improvements and for a tennis center of 50 courts or more, where fees could be charged and time limits imposed.

The center is still not in prospect, but under the duress existing courts were improved and Raoul Tayon, the city's recreation supervisor, was given a "healthier budget" that included plans to sprinkle 21 more courts throughout the city. "Our attitude," said Tayon, "is that there's never enough. We can't build them fast enough."

Don Carleton, area representative for Wilson Sporting Goods and president of the Colorado Youth Tennis Foundation, was no more optimistic. "Too many people are learning how to play," said Carleton, "then going out and discovering the courts are already taken. Often they are occupied by people taking lessons who won't find a place to play when they're

learned. We have overpromoted the sport. It has gotten away from us."

"How long you been waiting?"

"Almost an hour."

"An hour? Well, hell, that ain't bad. Hang in there. We waited almost two hours last night for a court. You play here often?"

"My first time. I don't think I've got it figured out yet. I mean, I don't know when my turn comes up. There doesn't seem to be a pattern."

"Now, you're on your own here. You have to wait it out or you challenge."

The visitor's interrogator is a hairy young man in his early 20s. He is wearing glasses and a black-and-gold sweat shirt designated as PROPERTY STOLEN FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT, and he is leaning against the fence with his racket between his knees.

"I could tell you hadn't played here," he says, gesturing. "Your whites. Most of us don't wear them. As you can see, formal tennis this ain't."

The visitor has been waiting since the lights came on at the City Park courts, blanching out the elm trees behind and giving the busy scene a filtered, gossamer quality. From his vantage point on a bench beside the walkway dividing the two rows of courts, four on each side, the visitor can watch the action all around through the chain link fencing. There are no windscreens to conceal play. He can also see a horseshoe game in progress way on the other side but the sounds of the shoes hitting home are muffled by the noise on the courts. Behind each court there is at least one waiting party.

"How do you mean, 'challenge'?" he asks.

"The challenge system. You know, challenge another team that's just won, if you're next in line. Or if two guys are playing singles and you think you can play at their level, you can challenge them to doubles. Doubles take precedence. But you gotta pick on somebody in your class or it's bad form."

The interrogator has settled on the bench. "Where you play?" he says.

"Back East. Usually on clay."

"Boy, I never even seen a clay court."

"I'd love to play on one some day. But, hey, these are good. They've been resurfaced this year. Not too fast, not too slow. Plexicoat, or Plexupave, something. The

continued

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best public courts in Denver. You see good tennis here, too. Some of these guys are terrific."

A cry from two courts down on the other side of the walk diverts the interrogator's attention.

"That's my partner," he says, jumping up. "We're on. Hey, listen. Good luck."

"Yeah, you, too."

The visitor settles back on the bench in time to see a boy of about 12, shirtless, wearing basketball shoes without socks or laces, chase a ball across three courts, directly through the line of play. Their games suspended, the court occupants follow the boy's progress without comment. A man with a goatee waiting at the fence beside an Adidas bag that has a built-in racket holder shakes his head and sucks his teeth audibly. Like the visitor, he is in tennis whites.

A young couple moves down from the other side of the goated man to where the visitor is sitting. They have been moving from court to court like honeybees searching for the likeliest spot. The young man takes a reconnoitering position against the fence, his fingers and nose poking through, and the girl sits down on the bench.

The young man turns to inspect the visitor. He apparently had not noticed him before and the discovery does not seem to please him.

"You waiting for this court, mister?"

"No, not really. I've about given up."

He smiles and comes over.

"You shouldn't get discouraged," he says. "You may have to scout around a little, but one'll open up. I've gotten so I know instinctively where and who to pitch."

"To pitch?"

"Who to go up to and say, 'How long you been playing?' Or, 'You about done?'"

"What if they keep playing?"

"Then it's not a good pitch."

"How come they don't have a starter, with a list and all?"

"City can't afford it, I guess. The same reason they don't put screens up."

"What if you want a lesson or something? I've been thinking I might need a couple."

"The parks have clinics. Mob scenes. You have to sign up early and wait for a series to start. My wife forgets to call and gets shot down every time. Or you go to

a club pro. Or—see that guy over there?" He is pointing to a corner court where three black men and a white, all wearing conventional tennis gear, are engaged in an intense doubles match. It is the best tennis being played at City Park. The man singled out is in his 30s and has the most enviable strokes of the four.

"They call him Chauncy. I understand he gives lessons. Five bucks an hour. I don't know his last name, but there are two or three who hang around here who give lessons. Chauncy's supposed to be the best."

"He's a pro?"

"Not really. I'm not sure what he does, except that he plays a lot of tennis. Whenever I've been here he's been here."

"Oh, damn!"

The young man's delicate-looking wife has entered the conversation.

"Whatsamatter?"

"While we're sitting here yakking we missed that end court. Those kids just came right up and took it. Oh, damn!"

"Don't sweat it," says the young man.

"I'm putting the pitch on these two in front of us. We'll challenge the couple on the far side. Watch the way the big guy's serving. See that? Lotta spin. Like Laver. You gotta get your racket back in a hurry..."

When the visitor left City Park just before 10 p.m., having not so much as unsheathed his racket, all the courts were still occupied. The young married couple were holding their own against the ersatz Laver and his wife. Laver was having trouble getting his spin in, double-faulting even in the face of the delicate girl, who seemed to be getting her racket back in fine threatening style. The goated man had found a singles game on the next court and his match drew a small audience behind both fences.

Chauncy, meanwhile, had finished his match and was conducting what appeared to be a seminar on the backhand for two of those he had played with. The visitor toyed with the idea of asking him for some lessons but thought better of it and treated himself instead to a pizza and a beer for less than \$5.

Five years ago the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association accepted open tennis and updated its amateur code to allow some playing amateurs to teach the game for a living. Club pros proliferated like socks in a drawer and now are too numerous to

count. In Denver, most of those who teach also play in tournaments. Jim Landin, the pro at the Jewish Community Center Tennis Club, has, at 39, won the Men's 35 National Indoors championships in 1971 and 1974 and is the only adult player in Denver to be nationally ranked in singles. Those distinctions did not keep him from getting fired from a good job at the Pinehurst Country Club when, after four years, Landin said he "lost communication."

"The pro no longer has the club owner by the throat," says Landin. "If he doesn't communicate, there are plenty of guys who will." It is, he says, a bewildering time. Bringing the masses to tennis not only disrupted its form and dulled its fine points but gave club pros a delicious opportunity to work themselves to death and out of jobs.

"We get money-hungry," says Landin. "We play a tournament, and the next day when it's 100° on the court we go out and give 21 lessons. And when we've worn ourselves out we bite the head off the first guy who asks a civil question. Tennis is growing so fast it's wobbling. It's our job to give it stability, to remember that we're here to serve people."

One who remembers and has resisted the strenuous urge to cash in is Richard Hillway, the state's third-ranked amateur and coach of the state champion Cherry Creek High team, a winner of 53 straight matches. At Cherry Creek more boys turn out for Hillway's tennis team (66) than for football. In the summer Hillway, 31, runs the tennis program at the Village club, to supplement his income. But he turned down the prestigious Denver Country Club job and gave up the position at the Arapahoe Tennis Club, where he would have made a lot more than his schoolteacher's salary.

As a club pro in boomsville, Hillway found if he wanted to spend extra time with a pupil, he no longer had it to spend. "Not every kid wants to go to Wimbledon," he said, "some just want to play. I'm not going to say, 'Listen, you gotta be No. 1.' But if a kid wants a few more hits, I want the time to hit with him."

"I don't want to be a tennis pro, as such. You ever seen a guy who's been a club pro 20 years? Twelve months a year? He's like a robot. He can't talk about anything else. He can't do anything else. That's not for me. I'm a schoolteacher. I like my weekends off."



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Irwin J. Hoffman, slightly stoop-shouldered, dark fried-out hair, in a pastel yellow tennis outfit and steel-rimmed glasses, is fluttering around from court to court, trailing along the edges of the tennis wake like a large yellow gull. He has been the tennis pro at the Green Gables Country Club since 1957, when there were only two cement courts and his was a part-time job. Now there are six, with Lakold surfaces, and they are taken by proper-looking players properly dressed. Many of them exhibit the good clean strokes Hoffman taught them. He has, for some time, been called the best teaching pro in Denver.

"When I started here, I had 15 pupils," says Hoffman. "I was some place for them to be two hours a day. For the entire summer I made \$237." His smile after each sentence is like punctuation. Against his deep brown face his teeth stand out like popcorn. He is giving his visitor a history lesson as they walk.

"Some of them were not too eager. I had to borrow a motorboat to go capture them off their sailboats. Your mother paid me to give you tennis lessons and by God you're going to practice," I said.

The pro who had the Green Gables job before Irwin "just handed it over" because there was no money in it. In Denver there were two worthwhile tennis jobs: at the Denver Country Club and the Denver Tennis Club. Irwin estimates there are now at least 15 or 20. His former pupils have 80% of them—the Lakewood Country Club, Rolling Hills, etc.—set up by Hoffman for a percentage of the action. He has kept the concession (as head pro and manager) at the Heatheridge indoor club for himself.

Like Rich Hillway, Irwin Hoffman is a high school teacher, with a Ph.D. in mathematics education. He teaches computer math at George Washington High, one of the first courses of its kind in the country. He has written seven monographs on the subject. Irwin once tried to put a tennis draw into a computer, but the computer clammed up.

To be the most successful tennis pro in Denver, Irwin Hoffman followed what he relates to be a logical ascension. "When the golf courses got crowded, and President Kennedy put everybody on a health kick, tennis was right there. The advent of the indoor courts made it possible for a pro to make a living year-round. In the last two years,

a guy who hustled could do very well." How well?

"I've had to learn. I've learned, for example, that the pro shop is a bad investment if mishandled. Two hundred people can't support one. I used to work 12 to 13 hours a day. I kept my own books because I didn't know any better. Do you realize how many years I broke the law because I didn't know about workmen's compensation?"

"My wife couldn't take it. She made me stop every night at 9 so we could talk. We talked until she went to bed at 11. Then I went back to work. Seven days a week, May to October. I wound up with a very expensive divorce."

Hoffman now is part of a syndicate that owns apartment houses and filling stations, and some raw land. He has a new wife and a \$110,000 home, with a tennis court. "And I have my own bookkeeper. The sign of a successful tennis operation is having your own buyer and own bookkeeper. All I do is sign the checks."

Irwin is on a court at Green Gables, teaching a gray-haired man in a golf cap the keyboard. One of Irwin's polite young players, a boy of 13 or 14, puts balls into the line of the man's flailing racket. The man is stiff-armed and straight-legged, as if he had been left out in the rain and had rusted.

"Relax, Jack," Irwin advises. "Relax. Get your racket back! Follow through!"

Jack stiff-arms one past the base line; another reaches the net on the third bounce. From his shoulder to the tip of his racket Jack is one long ax handle.

"Don't be tense, Jack. Calm down. Calm down!" Irwin stalks around his pupil like a boxer looking for an opening. Within the vortex of his instruction the pupil concentrates, his eyes wide and his lips pursed. "Snug that elbow in, Jack. And don't be tense."

With a massive effort Jack loosens and hits an acceptable forehand into the backcourt. Plop. Then another. Plop.

"Ahhh," coos Irwin. "Isn't that beautiful, Jack?"

Jack nods happily.

"He's 56 years old and just taking up the game," says Irwin when the lesson is over. He is fluttering back to the pro shop.

"A refugee from golf. I used to never get one. The first 10 years I didn't have a single adult, except the club's tennis

chairman. Now it's geriatric tennis, a whole new ball of wax. I have a woman 64 years old. She was shocked she could run. Some you got to watch out for—the guy who's 50 and thinks he's 25 and wants to hit aces. A pro has to know what he's doing. A lot of us don't."

"We have pros who can teach and pros who say they can teach. We need standardizing, like the PGA with its golf pros. Some clubs still hire social directors. A guy says, 'I'm a pro,' and if he's got a tan and can meet people he's in."

At the door of his pro shop Irwin is stopped by a woman who has drawn her daughter in the club tournament. She says it is a delicate situation, and what is Irwin going to do about it? Irwin says he is going to wish her good luck.

"Yesterday," says Irwin afterward, "I had a woman who complained that her son had to play the No. 1 seed. She said, 'It's not fair! It's his first match!' I said, 'Somebody has to.' She took up 40 minutes of my lunch hour trying to get the draw changed."

Irwin says he plays now more than he used to because he has won out over a chronic tennis elbow. "I couldn't lift a coffee cup. For eight years I taught left-handed." Pain, he says, transformed him into an expert on tennis elbows. Four orthopedic surgeons in Denver shoot their problem cases with cortisone and ship them to Irwin to cure. He treats their strokes.

"Tension is the worst," says Irwin. He is heading for the clubhouse and a luncheon. "When I give a lesson, the first thing I look at is the grip. If you hit a ball and your arm feels it, it's wrong. If a racket resonates into your arm you can damage the elbow, the shoulder. Wooden rackets are best because they dampen the shock waves. I sell metal rackets in my shop, but reluctantly."

"Hey, Carol!"

A pretty dark-haired woman in shorts, dragging a small boy by the hand, intersects Irwin's progress in the clubhouse foyer. Irwin kisses her cheek. "One of my originals," he says expansively. "Oh, how lovely she turned out. Carol, tell this man how it was when we started."

"He dragged us out of the pool to practice," says Carol, expertly fielding the request. "I'd say, 'No, Irwin, it's too hot.' He wouldn't listen. He had us hitting balls over the chaise longue by the pool."



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than in Scotland.**



King George IV

TENNIS BUG continued

"Yes, and on the fairways of the golf course," Irwin says cheerily. He loves to talk about it. "We used to string off the lines and chalk off the parking lot. When I had all of them out there playing, I'd go complain to the club. 'Somebody's going to get killed!' I was lobbying for more courts. They were furious. The more fuss we made the more enemies I made. I said, 'Gentlemen, I just can't control these kids. They're crazy for tennis.'"

"I started a petition to get more courts and I was told I was undermining the club. I had to go to the membership to keep my job. Hey, Carol, is this your boy?"

Irwin bends so that he is nose-level with the woman's son, who gives him a blank look.

"He's ready for you, Irwin."

"How old is he?"

"Four and three-quarters."

"Bring him around and I'll have him throw me a ball," Irwin straightens. "It's a test. If he can get it to me five or six times in a row he's ready. Throwing is a related action. That's one of the problems I have with the ladies."

On this day, Irwin is presiding over a women's luncheon on the club terrace overlooking the pool. As a special treat, the women will hear Pam Austin of the Denver Racquets, the WTT team, and some of Irwin's juniors will model new fashions. He has \$8 worth of decorated balls and a lace-lined racket cover for door prizes and the patio tables are decorated with red-and-white carnations protruding from empty Wilson ball cans.

"Most of my problems are with women," says Irwin, glancing around. He has partially filled his plate with cold cuts and relish items from the buffet line, and between disinterested bites parries a run of table-hoppers.

"I love 'em but the women are tough as hell," he says. "The thing is they're new to competition. They never had to pass through the poor-sport stage. Men have usually outgrown it by the time they're in high school. Most women playing tennis are now into that stage. Except they're not 14, they're 40."

"During a tournament I pay one of my assistants \$5 an hour just to field the women's gripes. I tell him, 'Whatever you do, smile. In every circumstance, no matter how ridiculous, smile.'" Irwin demonstrates with a toothy grimace.

continued

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TENNIS BOG

"I have a machine at home that saves my life. The machine takes complaints on a tape, from 10 to 12 daily. They yell at me on that tape. They beat me to pieces. 'My boy lost because you didn't teach him a backhand volley!' They hate my machine because it doesn't talk back. When they've calmed down, I call them."

The framework of tennis shifts and broudens to accommodate the newness, to admit strange new stimuli. A star-struck Denver mother is sending her daughter to Australia to polish her game, though the girl is not good enough to win at home. At the venerable Denver Tennis Club, a local judge arrives from his bench daily for a regular noon match, and in the winter a foursome whose ages begin in the 70s still comes every morning; sometimes they must push the snow off in order to play.

The Denver Tennis Club was founded in 1928, and has 12 courts, all outdoors. It is still strictly tennis, but is increasingly co-ed. Sherrie Pruitt, who used to beat Stan Smith when they were growing up in California, was once the pro, and the manager is a 27-year-old practical nurse with big brown eyes named Mary Spalding. Women are now on the various competition ladders, four in the coveted "A" group, challenging the best male players for spots up-ladder. Matches are arranged by phone. Miss Spalding, herself on the "A" ladder, says the men don't usually call the women.

The women come to tennis desperate to learn. They take lesson after lesson, and often regress because they are afraid to play. In a scene repeated often, a woman in starched new gear asked an athletic-looking young man at Washington Park, "Do you give lessons?" "No," said the man. "Well," said the woman, "do you know anybody who does?"

Judie Heppenstall is sitting with her back to the Steinway piano in the house she has recently purchased on Holly Road. The Steinway would have been her living had she not, as a young divorcee with two small boys, discovered that more people want to pound a tennis ball than a piano. Beyond the Steinway and a picture window and past a row of pine trees, an earthmover is slicing into the gravel that will be the last layer

of base for her private court. The house and court are in Englewood, a suburb of Denver.

"I'm taking a chance buying this, building the court," she says. "I know that. It scares me, but I'm not looking back. Most of the people out here are loaded. I'm out here to make a living."

She is blonde and blue-eyed, in her 30s, with a figure still shipshape. She had studied to be a concert pianist in New York, but marriage had brought her to Denver, where the piano-playing market was bad. "They think you play for fun out here," she says.

In October of 1969 a man drove his car through a stop sign and put Judie Heppenstall through her windshield. There were five operations on her neck. Vertebræ were fused. She cannot turn her head a normal range.

"I was sitting around recovering, in my brace, looking for something to do," she says. "I'd never played tennis as a kid, but my husband had been a squash champion, so when we came here in 1960 we started it. I took lessons from Sherrie Pruitt. In those days you could walk up to the Denver Tennis Club and ask, 'How much to join?' Now there's a three-year wait."

"Anyway, we wound up at the Crestmore Swim and Tennis Club, and I won a few trophies that didn't amount to much. Silver in the closet. At the time I had around 25 kids taking piano at \$5 an hour. Some of my friends started asking if I'd teach them tennis. I guess they were embarrassed to go to a real pro. I said, sure, if you like. It's the same principle as piano—the one-to-one relationship."

"I went back to Sherrie to take lessons on how to give lessons. I was going to go to a three-day clinic at Vale and I had read a couple books on tennis strategy. One by Billy Talbert, and I think one Tilden wrote, *The Psychology of Tennis*, something like that. It was a paper-back I found in my husband's den."

Judie is on the edge of her chair. Being interviewed is a new experience and she is tentative. "So I started teaching, and what surprised me was that people were clamoring to learn. Last spring I turned down 10 whom I'd never even heard of. I was just out of the hospital and couldn't handle too much. I mean, total strangers. Oh, listen, excuse me—I would you like some coffee?"

"My philosophy might be a little different from the others, because I think people want to learn to play *right now*. A good pro will teach them strokes and tell them they'll get it together in five years, and maybe that's right. But some girls I know never play, they just take lessons. I try to get them to enjoy *playing*, from the start."

Judie charges \$12 an hour for private instruction (as compared to, say, Irwin Hoffman's \$18), for a series of six half-hour lessons, she gets \$30. "Most people take the package," she says. "If two students double up, it's \$8 a half-hour. Come on, I want you to see my court."

She is up again, moving. "When it's finished, I'm going to rent court time to another pro for \$2 an hour. She has 15 or 20 pupils and has a hard time finding places, too." She leads the way through the pine trees and onto the ground that has been opened and leveled.

"I've built it myself," she says with a short nervous laugh. "Subcontracted everything. People thought I was nuts. But I was in a hurry. A builder quoted me \$12,750 to do the whole thing, which was in line, but he said he was 15 courts behind and no telling when he'd get to it. Who knows what the price would be then? Lakold has gone up at least 27% since last year. That's the surface everybody uses. One contractor told me they could charge whatever they want and get it."

"I was two weeks on the phone before I had the first subcontractor out here. 'What do you recommend?' 'What kind of fencing?' 'What about the water rights?' The water rights are a big thing in Colorado. I had to put in 240 feet of pipe to protect my neighbor."

"You'd be surprised how much I learned. About drains. Soil. Tension wires. *Zowwy*. Oh, my, the zoning is unreal. But I had the time to do it, and I learned to bargain."

If she has figured right, Judie Heppenstall says, she will pay \$5,200 for grading and paving, another \$2,000 for the Lakold surface, \$4,200 for fencing. With curbs, drains and landscaping "it'll come to about \$13,500 without nets and screens."

She puts her hands on her hips and, half-smiling, surveys her creation, as though it were artwork.

"So far, I love it. I really do. They say I'm nuts. I hope not."

continued

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TENNIS BUG

continued

Don Carleton of Wilson estimates the demand for tennis equipment in Denver has gone up 10 times since 1968. "I used to be a salesman, but I haven't had to sell a ball for two years," he says. "I just write orders. I have become a helluva order writer."

The Wilson "Jack Kramer" racket, the most popular in America, sold for \$16 when Carleton began peddling in the Rockies in 1967. It now sells for up to \$30. To string it, the price has gone from \$9 to \$15-\$25. College students are working their way through school stringing rackets. The Colorado School for the Blind has 10 stringing machines going 24 hours a day.

"I used to give rackets and balls away to help the kid programs," says Carleton. "I can't anymore." The Wilson plants have doubled production in Cortland, N.Y., and in Belgium. Spalding has done the same at Fort Smith and Chaopee, Mass. The frenzy to produce, triggered by a rush on the market by op-

portunists less concerned with quality control, has resulted in a glut of defective equipment—balls that do not bounce, rackets that fall apart.

Art Hagan, who with his brother runs the Aspen Leaf sports shop in suburban Cherry Creek and strings more rackets than anyone in Denver, says the eagerness of the latecomers to line their shelves and the gullibility of the pros have created in tennis a vast "phony market."

"The little country club pro has no more business sense than the man in the moon," says Hagan. "He buys all this useless stuff, and it lies around the shop. Here, look at all this junk." Hagan thumbs through a trade magazine. The magazine insinuates that the pro shop without Mr. Tennis cocktail glasses is poorly equipped, and that a smart pro would make better use of his space with these new lockers.

"I have to hold my sides laughing," says Hagan. "There's a guy here who just opened a ski and tennis boutique because

his wife couldn't get the dresses she wanted at May D. & F. His shop rents at \$8 a square foot. Profitability is a pipe dream. It's crazy.

"I don't know of a single pro shop making money in merchandise sales. The manufacturers don't help because when they distribute equipment they feel compelled to give Jo-Jo the pro five rackets, or 10, and when they get to us and we need 1,000, they've only got 300 left. It's all foolishness. A tennis shop isn't the same as a golf shop. People can buy cheaper here or at a department store, and that's what they do. It's a good thing for the pros that tennis is such a great game."

Jerry Gart has his visitor in tow. They are in an electric cart, going up the ramp from the first floor of the Gart Brothers' "Sports Castle" at 10th and Broadway. The store is 58,000 square feet of sports equipment, from the cut-rate to the exotic. The Castle used to be a Chrysler

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21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '74.

dealership. The regal gingerbread on the facade was retained when the Garts moved in. It was Jerry Gart's idea to use the automobile ramps to transport people up and down the store. On the Castle roof, where the cars used to gather dust, Gart put in a tennis court, with a high fence to keep the balls from raining on downtown Denver.

"We have a slogan, 'Buy a racket, get a lesson,'" says Gart, making the turn at the second floor and speeding up. The cart hums under him. "We have a tennis pro up there, and it doesn't matter what tennis equipment you buy, you get a free half-hour lesson. The pro profits from sales, too. He's a businessman, just like the rest of us. You'll meet one of his teaching assistants, Diane. A real looker. Brings in a lot of business. The court is always in use. I can't even get on."

Gart makes another turn, stops and bounces out of the cart where the tennis boom has exploded onto the counters and walls of his store. One wall is festooned with 2,200 rackets, from a \$3.95

Winston to a \$145 Garcia, painted there like laboratory specimens.

"Our tennis sales have increased 300% this year," says Gart. "We'll sell 75,000 units—clothes, balls, sweatbands, shoes. We sell 18 different brands of tennis shoes. You name 'em, we got 'em. We'll sell 6,000 rackets. I remember when we were lucky to sell 100."

Gart is tanned and dapper, with the manicured, lacquered look of a television sportscaster. He says, however, that as an athlete he is late-blooming—he now skis, plays golf and is hooked on tennis, "just like everybody."

On the roof, the pro is giving a slum blonde girl in tennis clothes a lesson. Diane is not around. Gart takes his visitor to the Castle parapets, from where Pike's Peak and Long's Peak are visible in the distance. When the girl is through with her lesson, she introduces herself to Gart as a stewardess who had served him on a Continental Airlines flight into Den-

ver. Gart says he remembers. "I never forget a pretty face," he says.

As the girl exits down the ramp, Gart looks her up and down. "See those shoes?" he says. "New. Probably bought them here. And the dress. That's one of ours. I didn't get a look at the racket, but she probably got that here, too. On that ramp they can see what's on every floor. It's no accident the tennis is up here. On the way down, they're liable to buy a racket, some skis, a fishhook, something."

Gart remounts and turns the cart to go back down. "As a businessman, I'm tickled to death about tennis," he says. "As a father, I'm taking my lumps. Next to skiing my three boys love tennis best. I can't keep my 16-year-old on the job, he's always off playing. I'll have a court in my yard pretty soon. We're a democratic family. My children voted for a court this year, and I put in a swimming pool. I didn't get away with it."

He has stopped the cart again. "See

continued



this? Our conference room. See all this space? We filled it for Jack Kramer—more than 300 people in here to hear him talk. I don't know how much they bought on the way out, but I know it was worth it."

Two years ago there was a total of nine indoor tennis courts in all of Denver: two in a clubhouse building at the Denver Country Club, two under a plastic bubble at Rolling Hills, one in a converted ice rink at the Mountain Shadows Swim Club and four at the six-year-old Colorado Racquet Club, the original indoor facility.

Today, Denver has five tennis clubs, with two more in construction that will bring the total to 45 indoor courts, not including the bubble that Marvin Davis, millionaire oilman, blows up behind his mansion every winter to satisfy his wife's appetite for the game, and to provide the likes of John Newcombe a quiet place to hit a ball or two.

These indoor clubs are no longer a slab of hard ground, a net and covering but are what Cliff Buchholz calls "the tennis country club"—gleaming, velvety, seductive tennis nests, elegantly appointed, elaborately stocked, and expensive.

Buchholz' company has built five around the country, one of them in Denver. It is called Tennis World, a \$2-million concession to tennis hedonists on prime business property in affluent southeast Denver.

Denver, says Buchholz, achieved this advanced station (Tennis World) by vaulting past the usual evolutionary process: from the bubbles and big barns of the East, which were no more than weather shelters, to the prestressed concrete buildings in an industrial area—where, if the tennis fizzled, a warehouse could salvage the investment—to the indoor facility that was only an adjunct of a health club.

Tennis World was two years in the making, including a year to secure the financing. The making includes twin radial-arch buildings, strikingly venerated; a pro shop and lounge with windows overlooking the eight Har-Tru courts; a health club and outdoor swimming pool, noise-muffling acoustics, shadowless lighting from vapor lights cast toward the ceiling, two video cameras for taping the students of the four working pros; and a staff of 15.

Tennis World opened—for 14 hours a day—last January to 95% occupancy. Memberships, the most expensive of which is the complete family package at \$750 a year and \$25 monthly dues, were soon past 1,000, with plans to cut them off at 1,400. The competition, also freshly minted and as lovely to look at, included Meadow Creek, the jewel inset of an exclusive housing complex for which General Manager Fonia Humphries spent a year visiting clubs across the country just to decide on a court surface; Heather Ridge, opened in conjunction with a condominium complex, where Irwin Hoffman is pro and 40% of the membership take lessons; and the newest, the West Hills Racquet Club in Lakewood.

If there is a clot in the tennis bloodstream, however, these country clubs may be it. Much of tennis' appeal has always been its relative inexpensiveness. Exercise on a low budget. Fun for peanuts. A man could play 10 tennis matches in 10 days for the price of one lost golf ball on a Sunday afternoon.

Cliff Buchholz likes to say that Tennis World provides "country club tennis at bowling alley prices," but at the prices (\$8-to-\$10-an-hour court fees during prime time) and the various fees and dues required for membership, his analogy is hardly apt. At the Denver Tennis Club (strictly tennis, all outdoors) a family membership costs \$500, annual dues are \$125 and there are no court costs. By comparison with either club, bowling is cheaper.

There is some doubt, too, that the investment is a sound one. Art Hagan points out that Tennis World is on land whose proximity to a gilt commercial complex and spa (Plaza de Monaco) makes it more a candidate for an office building with a parking garage on the roof than a lavish tennis club. Nevertheless, Buchholz says, Tennis World will return 20% on the investment, and that will be plenty to satisfy the tennis bugs who financed it.

Others have had their problems. Centre Court, under the aegis of Donald Dell and some of the WCT players, was at first bogged down in zoning problems, which have now been solved. Meadow Creek, whose appeal to begin with was snooty—"For the very fortunate few," its brochures read—and whose initiation fee was a fat \$1,250, is shaky. Fewer than half the 400 family memberships called

for have been filled. Roger Tilkemeier, the developer, was singing a worried song about being "underfinanced." He is now attempting to get a permanent loan and the banks have extended his construction loans to 1976.

For a visitor, with more casual woes, a voyage through these futuristic tennis enclaves is exhilarating no matter how many skeletons he may imagine hidden behind the slickness. When one who was wearing a white tennis outfit with pizza stains on the pants came to Tennis World on an August night, every court was taken and other hopeful players had their noses to the glass on the lounge floor. The visitor could not play, he was told, not being a member and not knowing anyone who was, but he suddenly itched to. He hung around.

He was not even put off when the icy blonde receptionist, who seemed annoyed that he had interrupted her phone call (apparently an important conference with her boyfriend), unsimilingly responded to his questions on potential membership. With slashing pencil, she reduced his options on the club's brochure and handed it over, making it clear he better get on the stick if he wanted to be a member.

The next day, when he stopped in at the West Hills Racquet Club, the visitor was even more tempted. A fine spray from the sprinklers dampened his pants as he went in, but once inside he was engulfed in a sea of blue-on-blue paneling, parquet floors and ultra-posh appointments. There was a television room for children, a nursery for infants. There was a superelaborate gym and a co-ed whirlpool bath (which the visitor noted was not occupied). Furthermore, he was told, there was no initiation fee and no monthly dues, just an annual \$180 charge and court fees from \$6 to \$8 in prime time.

A young man who identified himself as an assistant pro escorted the visitor to the courts, where a bearded boy in a tie-dyed shirt was playing on the first court with an older man in whites. The assistant pro, explaining that he was only here for the summer, admitted politely that he did not know what the dress code was, or if one existed.

The visitor asked the assistant if the head pro might not be available for a chat.

"Not right now," said the assistant. "He's taking a lesson."

END

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—John Olsson, Amoco Production, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

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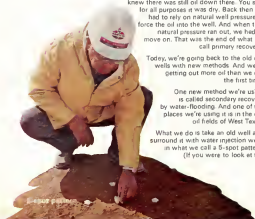
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RAC

He Really Did Break the Bank at Monte Carlo

Paunchy and middle-aged, Charles Deville Wells was not quite as debonair as the old song about him suggests, but for a while anyway he did succeed in outwitting the odds **by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM**

... At I walk along the Buns Boon-
long with an independent air
You can hear the gulls declare, "He
must be a millionaire!"
You can hear them sigh, and wish to
die
You can see them with the other eye
At the man who broke the Bank at
Monte Carlo

In 1892 and succeeding years, these words, first sung to a lifting tune by the famed Charles Coborn, were the hit of variety halls all over the world. *The Man Who Broke the Bank* climbed promptly to the top of the turn-of-the-century hit parade not only because it was a sprightly melody but because it gave substance to the dream of every ribbon clerk in the world who hoped to strike it rich with some lucky throws of the dice or the right turn of the wheel. For the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo was a real person and he really did it.

His name was Charles Deville Wells, he was 50 years old, paunchy, bald and of such an ordinary appearance that even French journalists remarked on his plebeian look and vulgar accent. On the other side of the Channel, *The Times*, with masterly understatement, described him as a "not very fascinating personage." What *The Times* failed to note was that Wells, a few years before, had been attacked in the scandal magazine *Truth* as "the biggest swindler living."

Charles Wells was born at Bross-boame, Hertfordshire in 1841. No record of his schooling or early career survives; but when it suited him, he described himself as a "naval architect" or, alternatively, "civil engineer." He worked briefly at making sugar in Russia and paper in France, but as far as can be traced, he designed no ships and

engineered no works. By the end of the 1880s his regular place of business was a palatial office in Great Portland Street. From there he made frequent visits to the Patent Office in London, where over a period of years he took out provisional patents (at a cost of only £1 each) for a record 192 different inventions, 191 of which, according to the best authority, didn't work. Only one Wells idea was any good—a musical skipping rope whose handle tinkled a jolly tune while the children twirled. He sold the rights for £50.

How, then, did Charles Wells amass enough capital to stake himself at Monte Carlo? His method was simple enough. Almost daily, throughout the British newspapers, he advertised for backers to finance his gadgets:

LARGE YEARLY INCOME AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY A BIG SUM DOWN, OFFERED FOR A FEW HUNDRED POUNDS REQUIRED TO DEMONSTRATE IMPORTANT PROVED INVENTIONS, A SAFE AND SURE INVESTMENT.

The advertisements were signed with pseudonyms such as "Botus," "Discovery," "Genuine" or "Investigation." His investors paid £5 down to Wells, which enabled him to take out his patent. The sucker was then asked to get up the balance of the investment, £345, and was given the patent as security. Wells probably asked the public for well over £50,000—an amount the swindler spent almost as fast as he took it in.

In the 1880s, however, several disappointed shareholders were beginning to ask what had happened to their money, and Wells deemed it prudent to leave the country for a while. He had heard that Monte Carlo was a fine place to go—so he went. As now, the resort was a gar-

ering place for Europe's kings, princes, archdukes and millionaires who came to enjoy the climate, the sea bathing, the luxurious hotels, and, not least, the games of haccarat, trente-et-quarante and roulette. By the end of his first three-day visit, peers of the realm were offering Wells hospitality; lavish dinners were given in his honor—all by new friends hoping the newcomer would reveal the secret of an apparently infallible system he had for winning money.

In virtually no time Wells became famous all along the Riviera, and his daily winnings at roulette were printed in newspapers throughout the world. The climax of his visit came one day when he successfully backed No. 5 for the maximum permitted stake of 180 francs (535). He had backed red, impair (odd numbers) and *manque* (under 19), such for the maximum of 6,000 francs, and went to the limit on every other possible bet involving the No. 5: 360 francs *à cheval*, 760 *carré*, 560 *transversale*, 1,500 on the column, and many others. The bewildered croupier calculated the complicated payoff: 180 francs on No. 5, at 35 to 1—6,300 francs. Three even-money bets at 6,000 francs—a further 18,000. The stakes a *cheval*, *carré*, *transversale*, and on the column and the dozen, would each need payment of another 6,000 francs or thereabouts. If all came to a total of about 90,000 francs, or \$18,000. Charles Deville Wells had succeeded in breaking the bank.

According to the custom of the Casino, play was stopped, and the croupiers dutifully stretched a black cloth over the green baize. The *chef de parti* tinkled a little hand bell to summon more money, and Wells, who had arrived in Monte with only £600, felt his pockets bulge with £40,000.

continued

As his fame grew after that, wherever Wells walked crowds surged around him to touch his clothes for luck. Those who could copied Wells' betting and stakes; hundreds of thousands of francs were showered down on bewildered croupiers with hasty instructions to "do the same as Wells."

Wells, seemingly, was quite unperturbed by all the hullabaloo. He arrived calmly each morning at the unfashionable hour of 12, the moment the Casino opened. He did not leave until it closed, an hour before midnight, and did not stop to eat or drink. He later confessed that it was the hardest work he had ever done. If he had a system, he never revealed it—although he did comment once that the average bettor was usually lacking in courage.

One of his plans—the *coup de trois*—was to bet on an even chance: if he won, he let his winnings stand; a third win would increase his original stake eightfold. He then reverted to a small stake again.

After increasing his original stake a hundredfold, Wells had transmitted a good portion of his winnings home to London and was ready to leave. But Monte Carlo didn't mind. "It is borrowed money—it will come back," forecast Camille Blanc, the illegitimate son of Frances, who was then in charge of the Casino. Actually the worldwide publicity of Wells' amazing wins had brought immediate dividends in the form of an influx of new gamblers. Business had been falling off badly, and it reached a new low when actress Sarah Bernhardt gambled away her entire wealth—100,000 francs of it in one night—and then tried to commit suicide. A big and flummoyant winner was just what the Casino needed—and Wells gave it one. Within the year, the annual report showed the most profitable season ever, increasing the 500-franc Casino shares to a new peak of 2,250 francs. Wells benefited from that too—for he'd cunningly invested £2,000 of his winnings in the shares.

Back in London, Wells took out a few more provisional patents and succeeded in extracting a good deal of fresh money from the gullible public. One evening, to celebrate his fame and success at Monte Carlo, he gave a dinner at the Savoy for exactly 35 guests: Wells himself sat at his lucky No. 5 and, for the occasion, the walls and ceiling were painted red; a red carpet was laid; the waiters were dressed

in suits, ties and gloves of red; red flowers filled the vases; only red foods were served: prawns, lobster tails, ham mousse, red cabbage and strawberries.

But nothing lasts forever, and soon the inquires of importunate investors were beginning to make Wells think it might be time to leave the country again. By then he had acquired a huge yacht that enabled him to live in a style befitting his station. It was a 24-year-old derelict—291 feet in length, 1,861 gross tonnage—and he got it as scrap for £1,000, then spent a further £20,000 on its reconstruction. Originally named for the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, the yacht—one of the biggest in the world—was renamed by Wells the *Polus Royal*.

It seemed impossible to the Casino authorities that he would be successful once more—but in a few days of the first week of November 1891 he cleaned up a further quarter million francs. He made a spectacular start: with a tiny stake of 120 francs, he worked up to 98,000 francs in his first sitting, aided by a phenomenal run on No. 5.

It was about this time that Fred Gilbert first conceived his song. Walking down The Strand, it was said, his eye was caught by a newspaper poster headline, THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO, that set a rhythm beating through his brain.

Coborn first sang the song at London's Oxford Music Hall in April 1892. It met a poor response. At its first performance in the Trocadero, the audience response, too, was terrible, and no one would join the chorus at all. Coborn walked firmly to front of the stage. "I am engaged here for 12 weeks," he announced, "and I am going to sing this song every night and repeat the chorus till you join in with me." By the end of his engagement, the song was all over the country.

But by the time the song was published, its hero was far less happy. His third visit to Monte Carlo came in January 1892; this time Camille Blanc in person acted as *chef de parti* at Wells' table, and Wells' "system," if such it was, did not appear to stand up to prolonged trial. He started to lose heavily; applying his bold methods, he reinforced his losses with even larger bets, few of them worked. Soon he had run out of cash; to raise more, he cabled to the backers of his yacht fuel-saving system. Even fresh funds could not save him, and he retreated to the *Palais Royal*, his capital now

shrunk to a fraction of its peak. By now, he heard, things were hotting up for him in England, and he cruised from place to place around France pondering schemes to get out of his difficulties.

In London, continued complaints from his investors made enough impression on Scotland Yard to force it to act. The Fraud Squad built up an impressive dossier on the way Wells acquired his capital, and since they were unable to find that he had repaid the public, a warrant was issued for his arrest. With the co-operation of the French Sûreté, he was arrested in December aboard the *Palais Royal* at Le Havre. By now the yacht was heavily mortgaged—at an interest rate of 20%—as were his smaller vessels, *Kestrel* and *Karkuland*; the *Isabelle* and the *Imra* had been repossessed by the mortgagees. The Man Who Broke the Bank was himself so broke that he was selling coal from the bunkers of the *Palais Royal*.

On March 14, 1893 he was convicted on 30 charges of obtaining £50,000 by false pretences. During the trial, when he wished to pass notes to Edward Abinger, his counsel, he sent them via the usher, whose attention he attracted by tickling his bald head with a feather pen. Abinger, a notable but successful ham, electrified the court during his closing address: How could Wells be a fraud? he asked. Would a man capable of making £8,000 a day at roulette need to stoop to dishonesty? "Gentlemen of the jury, I am going to tell you what his system is."

"And now we will adjourn for lunch," said the judge.

During the lunch recess the judge asked Abinger if he really knew the system. He didn't. Abinger continued his address later:

"Gentlemen of the jury, during the luncheon adjournment I have made up my mind I will not tell you what the system is. If I did, you would desert your wives and families, learned counsel would sell their wigs and gowns, and even his lordship would forsake the judicial bench for Monte Carlo, and English justice cannot afford to lose its greatest figure. . . ."

Wells was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude; he left jail only once, to attend his own bankruptcy proceedings. Years later Dartmoor's governor reminisced: "He was the pleasantest and the most unselfish of all the rascals that passed through my hands." **END**



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

HONDO

Sir,

I have been a diligent SI follower for years, but I cannot remember a better feature than the Oct. 28 one on pro basketball, especially John Underwood's article on John Havlicek (*The Green Room Machine*). Being a New Yorker temporarily displaced in Massachusetts, I know what Hondo is. He is the man all Knick fans hate, despise and fear, but at the same time we all respect him. He is a fan's ballplayer, giving 110% all the time. Players like Havlicek make basketball what it is today—No. 1.

RICHARD D. GOLDSTEIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir,

What more can be said about Hondo than that he is the best player in NBA history? Defensively, offensively and off the court as well, he is a perfect example of what every person playing basketball longs to be.

BOB MANNING

Sugar Notch, Pa.

Sir,

John Havlicek epitomizes Boston Celtic basketball. However, let's not confuse him with Billy Graham. Despite Coach Bobby Knight's comment little story, the real reason for Indiana's consolation-game victory over Providence in the 1973 NCAA basketball tournament was not John Havlicek's high-powered 20-word exhortation, but Marvin Barnes' injured knee.

JOE MIELLE

Sea Girt, N.J.

Sir,

I resent John Underwood's statement that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar will be replaced in the future, whereas there will never be another John Havlicek. Kareem is the greatest player the game has ever known. He will never be replaced or duplicated.

CARIS LOBOSZKE

Milwaukee

Sir,

How about this for a super new cereal with more energy than Wheat Chex, Rice Chex, Corn Chex or anything else? Call it Havlicek's. It would be No. 1, just like Hondo.

MRS. LEO R. POKORSKY

Lawton, Okla.

BEATING THE 3-4

Sir,

Jim Plunkett's is the latest voice to call for abolition of the 3-4 defense (SCORECARD, Oct. 28). Admittedly this sophisticated de-

fense limits the capabilities of even a brilliant passer like Mr. Plunkett. But instead of banning the defense, why not open the offense even further by designating tackles as eligible pass receivers?

On obvious passing downs, sure-handed tight ends and backs would play out of the tackle positions. Since on third and 20 the defense is already thinking pass, the element of surprise is negated. The center, guards and blocking back should be able to handle the blocking, and the eligible tackles could make quick blocks before running their patterns. The quarterback should thus receive adequate protection, considering that it should take him less time to find an open man among the increased number of receivers.

The eligible tackle would really open up the passing game, providing for seven receivers and eight potential scorers. The sophisticated 3-4 defense and the zone defenses would have to undergo some changes. But this would not give an overwhelming advantage to the offense. A strong but iron-handed tackle would still have a better chance of blocking a Claude Humphrey or a Carl Eller. Yet the provision for an eligible tackle would be most useful on long yardage. Even if the eligible tackles weren't used as primary receivers, they still would allow the elusive wide receivers to break free.

DAVID A. GAMBLE

Richmond

NEW CANDIDATE

Sir,

For Sportsman of the Year,
All must now agree.
There's no better choice
Than Muhammad Ali.

DAVID MOODY

Amherst, Mass.

SONNY

Sir,

Re your article on Sonny Jurgensen (*Accident Age and His Pal Wicks*, Oct. 28), it's about time he got credit for his efficiency and accuracy throughout his 18 years of pro football. Having Jurgensen and Billy Kilmer as No. 1 and No. 2 quarterbacks is one of the best setups in NFL history.

STEVE PAGE

Dover, Pa.

Sir,

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins on his fantastic article, but there is one point I think he missed—"Sonny" doesn't fit. It ought to be "Gramps."

MATT JACOBSON

Torrance, Calif.

continued

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CHRYSLER
PENTASTAR

Sir:

No. 9 has not had a "bumpy career." He's had an incredible career on teams with bumpy defenses, part-time pass-blocking and nonexistent running games. Sorry doesn't take "to win 41-40, throwing 50 passes." He has had to win 41-40 or lose—that is, until now.

Despite his shoulder, his heel, his knee and his coach, Jurgensen has managed to start and play through 10 games for the George Allen Redskins, four of them pressure contests against the Cowboys and world champion Dolphins. His age and the rust attendant upon his coming in cold in the middle of the season notwithstanding, Jurgensen has turned eight of those games into Washington victories. Did teams led by the young Bart Starr, John Unisus or Len Dawson, who played most of their careers with solid support, do better?

EDWARD C. APPEL

Leola, Pa.

REDEEMING FACTOR

Sir:

In the Oct. 28 SCORECARD your opening item "Halls of Shame" implied that St. Xavier High School had such a hall. In the original article by Jim Bolus and Larry Barnes in the *Cosmopolitan* we stated that the incident referred to was an isolated one that did not reflect school policy. This was not included in your article. Nice did you mention that both the coach and I apologized for the action.

Unfortunately, a coach who usually evinces great respect for his students made a mistake. I think it is a disservice to the school and to athletics if an isolated error by a teacher or coach becomes grounds for such publicity.

BROTHER JOHN WILLS, CFX
Principal
St. Xavier High School

Louisville

SERIOCOMIC CHAMPIONS

Sir:

Having viewed 26 Oakland home games from the left-field bleachers, I want to compliment Ron Fimrite on his valid characterization of the A's as clowns. In Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies the clowns are universally respected as the only gents who consistently see, speak and act upon the truth. With three consecutive world championships, the clowns in Oakland must also have a corner on something.

MARCIA SELNA

Oakland

COMMERCIAL INSERTIONS

Sir:

The item "Confusion in the Crease" (SCORECARD, Oct. 14) carried an erroneous and totally misleading statement that we at

continued

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10TH HOLE

Hockey Night in Canada feel should be brought to your attention and publicly corrected. It stated in part that TV's commercial insertion requirements influenced the NHL to reject the "speed-up" rules tested experimentally during the NHL's recent exhibition season. Not so.

While we have no authorization to speak on behalf of NBC, it is a fact that HNIC and NBC have been (and continue to be) vigorous lobbyists for changes that would significantly reduce the total amount of time required to play a game, and this attitude is shared by the various TV independents who carry NHL games on a local basis at the United States.

In three preseason test runs of games played in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, HNIC had no difficulty whatsoever inserting commercials under the experimental rules, and each of these games was played in less than two hours and 15 minutes.

To the best of our knowledge, the decision not to implement the rules changes was not influenced in any way by either the networks or the independents. Any changes that will speed up play and at the same time reduce total telecast time would be beneficial both in terms of increased viewer interest and reduced network costs. We assure you, we're for both.

Since SH prides itself on the accuracy of its reporting, and since TV is often unjustly accused on the role it plays in the conduct of various sporting events, all of the above is to set the record straight.

FRANK D. SLAKE

Director, Marketing and Promotion
Hockey Night in Canada

Toronto

FOR SPORTS SAKE (CONT.)

Sir:

I wish to respond to your glib denunciation of India's recent refusal to play South Africa in the Davis Cup finals (Sportsman, Oct. 14). "Sport and politics should not mix" is a noble sentiment, but over and over again its practical application has meant the support of a usually elitist or repressive status quo against athletes and others struggling for greater freedom and opportunity. South African sport is a case in point.

You suggest that if taken to its logical conclusion, the South African boycott means that capitalists would not play Communists, Catholics would not play Protestants and so on. India has refused to play South Africa not because of different class or religious characteristics, but because of something more basic: the rights of man. In South Africa, black, "colored" and Asian athletes are prohibited by law from competing against whites in all domestic competitions. Whatever their records in practice, both capitalist and Communist regimes, Catholic and Protestant, support the principle of equal opportunity.

continued

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You could compare the interior of an Audi to the spacious interior of a Saab. And you could compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour reclining front bucket-seats, Saab's heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.

Economy.

You could compare the economy of the Dasher (23 miles per gallon in city driving according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon in the city (according to the same EPA tests).*

Performance.

You could compare BMW's exciting performance features to our



rack-and-pinion steering, power-assisted four wheel disc brakes and fuel-injected 2 liter engine.

Ride.

You could compare Peugeot's smooth, comfortable ride to ours. A ride that's incredibly smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension and a light axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps to smooth out even the roughest roads.

Quality.

And you could compare such extra-quality features as four wheel disc-brakes on Mercedes with the same features on Saab. Because both Mercedes and Saab are known for their dedication to precision engineering and automotive research and development. Dedication that has made us both technical leaders in the automotive industry.

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19TH HOLE continued

tunity regardless of racial origin. It's a crucial difference.

You suggest that change will more likely come about through tours by prominent black athletes. But what little change has come about there has come about as a result of boycotts such as India's, not cooperative tours like Arthur Ashe's.

The great joy in sport is in the doing, and so it's never easy for athletes to withdraw from competition, particularly one with the challenge and prestige of the Davis Cup. But sport is also a code of ethics, depending for its survival upon a carefully elaborated set of rules mutually determined and respected by the participants themselves. Sport ceases to be sport when we enter competition against those who deny the opportunity of sportsmanship to others.

I am a member of a group of Canadian athletes that is trying to convince sports-governing bodies not to grant international permits for Canadian athletes to compete in South Africa until such time as all domestic South African sport is completely integrated. The principled stand of the Indian tennis players is an example for us all.

BILLY KING

Toronto

WHAT NEXT?

Sir:

A few weeks ago on Sunday afternoon late in the first half I turned on my television to watch Sonny Jurgensen do his thing. He did not disappoint me—completing three straight passes for a touchdown with seconds to spare. Three perfectly executed plays.

Then, to my horror, a rather unattractive (to me) nasal female voice, obviously one of the so-called "color men," uttered the following timeworn cliché, "They always say that there is no defense against a perfect pass." Frankly, this completely spoiled what could have been a very pleasant afternoon.

In the first place, although I think that women should be permitted out of the kitchen, I see no reason for them cluttering up a sport like football. In fact, CBS is outstanding in seeming to forget that television is a picture and that the days of Graham Crackers and radio are over, and that the viewing audience needs little, if any, motor mouth from so-called experts explaining the obvious.

It has been bad enough to suffer through uninformed announcers and commentators in golf, in which CBS is outstandingly bad, but now we get a woman covering football. What next?

ROBERT C. FISHER

Pinehurst, N.C.

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